

FOR SALE

One Cent a Word for Each Insertion.

FOR SALE—CITY AND COUNTRY.

FOR SALE—BY C. E. DAY & CO.
150 acres near Long Beach; damp land; only 1200 per acre.
1 1/2 acres in San Gabriel Valley, nicely improved; adjoining property improved; price \$2000; only \$1125 per acre.
Choice lot on 29th st., near 2nd car line, clean site only \$650.
100 acres near South Riverdale, plenty of water, good buildings, which cost as much as new ones for the whole place; land well improved. Price \$8000; easy terms.
160 acres near Long Beach, on the land small house; price \$300 per acre.
Lot 10x150, on Grand ave., near 28th st., very choice; \$1500.
Fine lot in good location, cement walk, clean site, 50x150, only \$175.
For it cannot be duplicated elsewhere.
160 acres near Long Beach, abundance of water, partly in fruit and alfalfa; good house, barn, etc.; only \$145 per acre; fruit never touched this land.
120-acre mountain ranch, plenty of water, small house, only \$1000.
Orange grove, 20 acres, 11 acres just in bearing, 4 acres 2 years; 5 acres others; extra water right, fine location; very cheap at \$400 per acre.
62 acres sandy loam, damp land; all alfalfa; large barn, corn crib, etc.; corral, fencing, nice family orchard; 20 acres in red raspberries, 2 acres in blueberries, 2 acres in blackberries, 14 acres blueberries. Price \$100,000. Pleasant mountain residence, 1200 ft. high, 160, close to cable and electric roads, slightly located; we have a special price on this, call and get it.
Fine cottage 6 rooms, lot 54 feet front, on 25th st., near Grand ave., 100 ft. deep, beautiful view of roses and flowers.
The 8-room house on Flower street, near 10th, lot 60x100; stable, fruit, walks, etc.; \$4500.
Lot 80x165, 200 feet from cable road; level and very desirable; only \$800.
C. E. DAY & CO.
121 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—BY THE

ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO.

\$100,000 worth of city and country property. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—BY THE

ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO.

\$850 Such a bargain on Adams st. was never offered. ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—VERY PRETTY COTTAGE

ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—AN ADAMS ST. LOT.

\$600 ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—LOOK; CHOICE LOTS ON

Ninth st., nothing. ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—HOTEL; HOTEL IN CITY NEAR

Long Beach, paying big money. ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—60 FT. BUSINESS PROPERTY, \$50,000.

First 41, bargain. ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—HERE ARE BARGAINS,

\$3500—CASH; ONE OF THE NEAT-
est homes on Downey ave., furnished house, and rooming house, (floored) nice barn, corral, nice hedge, cement lawn, flowers and fruit; cable cars and electric light in front.
\$11,000—CASH; FINE FRUIT LAND, 20 acres, choice fruit, land, water, and cable cars, and more; must sell.
\$800—CASH; 20 ACRES CHOICE FRUIT LAND, at Etiwanda, water double, or more; must sell.
W. H. WENDELLER.
213 W. First st.

FOR SALE—FINELY FUR-

nished house, 8 rooms and bath, lawn, lot 51x150, corner 30th and Flower. ENGLISH COLONIZATION CO. 139 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—HOUSING ON PEARL

near College, 3 rooms and bath, land, lot 10x150, this must be sold.
ROBERT & ANNE ST. NEAR WEST-
7750 Lake Park, nice garden planted to variety of fruits.
PER ACRE, 160 ACRES FINE GRAIN
land, this country, in grain 6 acres, forced sale, this perfect.
PER ACRE, 640 ACRES ALL IN
wheat, house, and all necessary build-
ings, in every part of the city for sale.
TOSKIN, HALLAMBY & MATHER.
237 W. First st.

FOR SALE—SPECIAL BARGAINS.

\$3000—Lots in Umyr tract, Pico st.
—Lots near Main and 21st.
—2250 cash and 4000 on time, fine lot in West Los Angeles, electric car line.
—1000 lot on Wilmer st.
—8200—Lot on Grand ave., near 28th st.
—8225—Lot planted to trees and fenced; monthly payments.
—1000—Bellevue 160 acres 1/4 mile from R. town.
—8275—Bellevue 160 acres 1/4 mile from R. town in arbutus belt.
Drug store, fruit stand, cigar stand, all routes and other business opportunities for sale. List your property with
DUBBIE & ANKNEY, 145 S. Spring st.

FOR SALE—ELLIS & HITCHCOCK'S

bargains.
Hollywood, choice 3 acres, \$275 per acre; part time taken in next 3 days.
Choice 3 acres, only \$120 per month.
Other choice land with water \$100 to \$175 per acre.
DESIRABLE CITY LOTS.
12500—Longstreet tract, 60x100.
8000 and 7000—Longstreet tract, 60x100.
Kewwood Park, fronting Adams; a bargain.
Choice lots in Bonnie Brie, 27 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—PROFITABLE INVEST-

ments, splendid fruiting oranges, beautiful residences, only 145,000, improved acreage. COLSTON, 200 Broadway.

FOR SALE—800 BUDDED EUREKA

lemons and Valencia late orange trees, 1000 seedlings. SPIRKS, 417 S. Hill st.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—THESE ARE GREAT BAR-
gains.
\$550—FOR SALE—HOUSE, 4 ROOMS
bath, kitchen, 1000 seedlings. SPIRKS, 417 S. Hill st.
\$100—LOT—3 LOTS CLOSE IN. THESE
lots to be sold, as owner needs money
for other business; should be investigated.
\$350—FOR SALE—FRUITLAND, GOOD
fruit, paying big money; the best location in
the city; must be sold.
\$100—FOR SALE—COUNTRY RIGHTS;
the fastest selling patent in California,
ladies and gentlemen.
\$1200—WANTED—PARTNER TO IN-
vest \$1200 for half interest in
restaurant and permit to pay
\$100 to \$2500 month cash.

FOR SALE—DENVER, 4 SPLENDID LOTS

Manhattan Beach, near summer resort; for house
and lot in Los Angeles.
Lodging-house from \$800 to \$3000; clear
stands from \$100 to \$1000; restaurants, city
and country property; all at bargain prices.
HENRY J. STANLEY.
227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—FRENCH RANGE, 6-FOOT

boiler and connections, \$300; improved
singer machine, \$200; walnut secretary, \$80; coat
box, folding bed, etc.; \$100; good 1000;
new bed room, \$100; 16 ft. oak oak
cabinets, 35 ft. yard; in new and second hand
cars you can save 20 per cent; there are many
more bargains at J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—EGGS FOR HATCHING

from through brown Leghorn and
Plymouth Rock, 1000 each, few
Cockerles. GEORGE W. GIBBS, 1341
Shaw st., or at Bellman, Waldeck & Co.'s
bookstore.

FOR SALE—ON ACCOUNT OF MOVING

to new home party will sell furniture,
carpeting, etc. as follows: 12 rooms,
almost new, very cheap; place for rent; cheap;
asked at once. DE LA MONTE, 121 S. First st.

FOR SALE

One Cent a Word for Each Insertion.

FOR SALE—ANY PERSON WITH \$200

can engage in a respectable manufacturing
business that will pay from the start; this is an
excellent chance for the first person who takes
hold. Address E. R. TIMES OFFICE. 2

FOR SALE—COPIES OF R. M. WEB-

ster's reply to the question: "How shall
I manage my farm?" 144 S. Main st.,
WARD & OLIVER & GARDNER'S BOOK-
STORE. 2

FOR SALE—CHEAP, GOOD BUSINESS

wagon, refrigerator, 2 show cases, 1 coun-
ter and balance of crockery, stock, apply
to J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—EGGS FOR HATCHING

from through brown Leghorn and
Plymouth Rock, 1000 each, few
Cockerles. GEORGE W. GIBBS, 1341
Shaw st., or at Bellman, Waldeck & Co.'s
bookstore.

FOR SALE—SECOND-HAND

upright and square pianos at a
bargain; see them at once. FISHER, BOYD
& CO., 100 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—JUST ARRIVED FROM

Tulare Co. with 20 of the finest sil-
ver and gold jewelry, 120 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—VICTOR PNEUMATIC '03

model, used 6 weeks and in perfect con-
dition. For \$1000. Call on R. K. RICKS, 181
E. Colorado St., Pasadena.

FOR SALE—A WEBER UPRIGHT

654 S. Spring st., formerly 659 S. Spring st.
Call on J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—REFRIGERATOR, OAK, ME-

diu-sized with water cooler; Wheeler &
Wilson sewing machine, and heating stove,
call on J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—HEAVY YOUNG BROOD

mare with good colt, cheap, also young
male, call on J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—WELL SECURED 10 PER

cent real estate mortgage for \$3000, due
in 10 years, interest semi-annual, ROOM 3, No.
102 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—NEW HOME SEWING

machine, \$20. 1 Domestic sewing machine,
\$10. Call on J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—A HEAD OF FINE BREED

horses, 4 and 5 years old, will sell for
sacrifice. Call on NORTON & KENNEDY, 200
S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A BIG BARGAIN, A PLAN-

et for \$1000, the reason for selling
the owner is going East. C. R. TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—GRAND UPRIGHT

Boardman & Gray piano, good as new,
new cheap. 1981 BONSALLO AVE., cor. 21st.
Call on J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—BLACK LANGSHAN EGGS

for hatching, from 1st prize birds; also
brown Leghorn, 112 S. 10th st.

FOR SALE—BUY A LOT FOR \$100 IN

the Santa Monica tract, before the rise in
price. HANNA & WEBB, 204 S. Spring st.

FOR SALE—BROWN SUMMER SALK

for \$1000, only 1000, cheap; 33 1/2
bush. E. B. TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—FINEST CABINET PHOTOS

edged to suit, \$1.75 per dozen. SUNBEAM
EDUCATED TOOLS, 230 S. Main st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, 2 FINE SPRING

wagons, snap bargain. Apply 600 UPPER
MAIN ST. 2

FOR SALE—3000, FINE CHICK-

en, up right plan, cost \$900. 654 S.
Spring st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE, A CAL-

ifornia, an up right plan, 139 S. LOS
ANGELES ST. 2

FOR SALE—AT 1/4 ORIGINAL PRICE,

the new Columbus top buggy. 308 WIL-
MINGTON. 2

FOR SALE—CALIPH FOR STOCK FEED,

in the field, Address BOX 585, Sta-
tion 2, 213 W. First st.

FOR SALE—\$60 PER 100, JUNE BUS-

peach and apricot. 2803 S. MAIN ST.

FOR SALE—COLUMBIA BICYCLE, ONLY

\$30; style '90. Address BOX 907.

FOR SALE—WAGONS, BUGGIES, 128

SAN PEDRO. 2

TO LET.

TO LET—FURNISHED 10 ROOMS.
Furnished cottage, centrally located,
modern improvements, 1200 ft. high, 160
acres, in every part of the city for sale.
TOSKIN, HALLAMBY & MATHER.
237 W. First st.

TO LET—FURNISHED 4 TO 6 MONTHS.
6-room cottage, all bath, lawn, etc.,
large corner lot, highly improved with
fruit, lawn, flowers. Particulars, W. C. CO.
1104 S. Broadway, or CHAPMAN & WICK,
1104 S. Broadway.

TO LET—8 ROOM HOUSE, FUR-
nished, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

TO LET—3 ROOM FURNISHED FLAT,
corner street and Grand; every con-
venience, large corner lot, highly improved
with fruit, lawn, flowers. Particulars, W. C. CO.
1104 S. Broadway, or CHAPMAN & WICK,
1104 S. Broadway.

TO LET—ONE OF THE NICEST HOMES
on 30th st., partly furnished, 3 rooms,
lawn and flower, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres,
in every part of the city for sale. TOSKIN,
HALLAMBY & MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE, HAND-
some, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

TO LET—FURNISHED COT-
tage, close to cable line, nice locality,
rent reasonable, no small children. DE LA
MONTE, 121 S. First st.

TO LET—9 NICELY FURNISHED,
decorated 4 and 5 room houses, \$25
and \$35. Call on J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

TO LET—COMPLETELY FURNISHED
flat, pretty cottage, N. E. cor. 21st and
LOVELACE AVE., bath, gas, apply with refer-
ence. 121 S. First st.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE OF 10
rooms, all modern improvements. Inquire
at 121 S. First st.

TO LET—FURNISHED OR UNFUR-
nished, new 8-room house, 41 E. 2nd
st.

TO LET—10 FURNISHED HOUSES
J. C. OLIVER & CO., 237 W. First st.

To Let—Store Rooms and Offices.
TO LET—OFFICES AND ROOMS ON THE
third floor of the Times Building; power
for light, heat, and water; inquire at the
COUNTING ROOM.

TO LET—STORES AT COR. SEVENTH
and BROADWAY. 2

TO LET—A FINE FRONT OFFICE,
209 S. BROADWAY.

To Let—Miscellaneous.
TO LET—WE HAVE ORGANIZED A
thorough system in our rental depart-
ment, including all the latest and best
methods, to better accommodate our numerous
patrons. Please give us a call; no trouble to
us. Address, H. PIERCE & CO., 108 S.
Broadway.

TO LET—RIGS OF ALL KINDS FROM
2 to 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

TO LET—PIANOS FOR RENT.
We are receiving our stock of new
pianos, ordered especially for renting; they
are handsome and low priced. Address,
N. E. 213 S. Broadway.

TO LET—HORSES, CARRIAGES, BUG-
gies, very cheap. L. K. STABLES, 8208
Main st., Hack telephone, 297.

TO LET—FIRST CLASS UPRIGHT
piano, cheap. 234 W. 18th ST. 3

UNCLASSIFIED.

TO LET—QUARRY OF LIMESTONE WITHIN 40 MILES OF
LOS ANGELES, convenient to railroad, a switch
can be made, and the quarry can be worked
for 10 years at low rental. DWIGHT WHITE,
100 S. Broadway.

DR. DE SIZETHY REMOVED HIS OF-
fice to the Bryn Mawr Block, his residence to
the Baker Block, offices, 1130 to 1330;
Sundays and evenings, by appointment; day
and night calls answered; Tel. office, 1136;
residence, 1136.

CENTRAL DRAFTING OFFICE, 10
Court st. Making topographical
plans, office drawings and specifications;
maximum, \$4 in by 12 in. A. J. SHILLING.

DR. ALTER HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE
to 100 S. Broadway, 100 S. Broadway, 100 S.
Broadway, 100 S. Broadway.

CARPET AND RUG WEAVING ON A
small scale, 750 First st., Pasadena.

CHIROPRASTISTS.
MISS C. STAPFER, 111 W. FIRST ST.
111 W. FIRST ST., 111 W. FIRST ST., 111 W.
FIRST ST., 111 W. FIRST ST.

DR. B. ZACHARY, 111 W. FIRST ST.,
111 W. FIRST ST., 111 W. FIRST ST., 111 W.
FIRST ST., 111 W. FIRST ST.

Disinfection of the feet only.

FOR EXCHANGE—PRICE GIVEN

One Cent a Word for Each Insertion.

FOR EXCHANGE—

OUR BARGAINS.
10 PER ACRE CASH VALUE, 500
acres, near Long Beach, 1000 ft. high,
160 acres, in every part of the city for sale.
TOSKIN, HALLAMBY & MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—AN ORANGE GROVE
of 100 acres, near Long Beach, 1000 ft. high,
160 acres, in every part of the city for sale.
TOSKIN, HALLAMBY & MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—CITY PROPERTY
and other improvements for orange or
citrus. 100 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—2 ACRES NO. 1
general purpose land, and 20 to 30 acres
of citrus grove, near Long Beach, 1000 ft. high,
160 acres, in every part of the city for sale.
TOSKIN, HALLAMBY & MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—LOT SOUTHWEST
of 100 acres, near Long Beach, 1000 ft. high,
160 acres, in every part of the city for sale.
TOSKIN, HALLAMBY & MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR GOOD CITY
property, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—CHOICE 5-ACRE
peach orchard and some well-located lots
for a 5 to 7 room residence; will give bargain.
100 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—A 5-ACRE NARROW
orange grove in Azusa Valley for good
city property, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—A GENTLE WORKING
mare for a two-year-old colt or will give
bargain for a good traveling dog. 100 S.
Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—STATE OF WASHING-
ton, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—FRENCH INSTRU-
ments, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—GILDED BUSI-
ness, securities, and city property for
orange orchard. 100 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—ORANGE AND LEMON
fruit and land, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—ABOUT 30
head of horses for lemon trees. Apply
to J. H. STANLEY, 227 W. Second st.

FOR EXCHANGE—LIGHT BUGGY FOR
a heavy, strong business buggy; UNION
TRUCK CO., 100 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—A 5-ACRE NARROW
orange grove in Azusa Valley for good
city property, 1000 ft. high, 160 acres, in every
part of the city for sale. TOSKIN, HALLAMBY
& MATHER, 237 W. First st.

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BISMARCK'S DAY.

Anniversary of the Birth of the ex-Chancellor.

An Immense Number of Admirers Tender Congratulations.

The Dissolution of the Reichstag May Be Averted.

Rector Ahlwardt Thrown Over by the Conservatives—Efforts to Suppress the Jew-hater—A Danger to Morality.

By Telegram to The Times.

BERLIN, April 1.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] Today is the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of Prince Bismarck, and a number of Berlin newspapers are taking advantage of the occasion to publish congratulatory articles. The National Zeitung says: "The widest circles of the German people remember with gratitude and reverence the founder of our empire, and all unite in the wish that he be long preserved to the nation."

Count Herbert Bismarck and wife arrived on Wednesday at Friedrichshagen on Wednesday to take part in the celebrations.

Prince Bismarck received the visitors heartily and showed both mental and bodily vigor. The main feature of the day's celebration was the arrival of thirteen deputations from Schleswig-Holstein and the Duchy of Lauenburg. They numbered all 8000 persons. The deputations delivered an address highly eulogizing Prince Bismarck and congratulating him on his birthday.

Prince Bismarck, in reply, delivered a lengthy speech of thanks. Bismarck called for three cheers for the Kaiser, the protector of all the German races. In response the assembly cheered enthusiastically, and then sang, "Deutschland über Alles," with great heartiness and much to the evident gratification of Prince Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck received countless letters and telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the world.

THE ARMY BILL.

On Wednesday Chancellor von Caprivi had a conference with the War Minister and the Chancellor had another conference, but the result of the deliberations is not known. Dr. von Benningsen, National Liberal leader, has also resumed negotiations, and these simultaneous movements induce the belief in political circles that a dissolution of the Reichstag may yet be avoided.

During the short interval of the Easter recess, already passed, both the government and party leaders have more keenly realized the grave eventualities arising from the struggle, which may imperil some of the fundamental institutions of the empire. Opposition organs now admit that a compromise is possible, while Caprivi's organs confess the ministers view the prospect of a dissolution with great reluctance. The Boersen Zeitung affirms, upon what it claims to be high authority, that if the Army Bill be finally rejected by the Reichstag Emperor William will assent to the ex-Chancellor replacing the measure by moderate proposals, and only in the event of the Center party continuing to oppose the latter proposals will the Reichstag be dissolved.

RECTOR AHLWARDT.

The Conservatives have definitely thrown over Rector Ahlwardt, the Jew-hater and libeler, but he is as irrefragable as ever. He pervades the country, venting the old scandals with his accustomed zest. At Stettin, at a conference on German thought in conflict with Jewish thought, Ahlwardt developed, to the satisfaction of his audience, the thesis that all the moral and social evils now afflicting Germany arose from the Jews. He concluded his address by declaring that as soon as the Reichstag met he would produce proof of the corruption under the Bismarck regime and since Bismarck held office. A somewhat similar conference that it was proposed to hold in Dresden has been forbidden by the police. Another meeting, which is expected to be a monster, will be convened in Berlin.

WILL BE REPRISSED.

Emperor William has advised the government to consider exceptional measures for repressing Ahlwardt, who is at present protected by his membership in the Reichstag. The Emperor has suggested that action be taken against him on the ground that he is a danger to public morality. It is understood, however, that a majority of the ministers are unwilling to interfere, as his repression might convert him in the eyes of the anti-Semites into a martyr. Ahlwardt's photographs and portraits are seen in the book stores, cafes and beer cellars with his head crowned with laurels.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

France Has Passed Safely Over Another Crisis. PARIS, April 1.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] President Carnot has summoned Meline to form a Cabinet. Meline is a lawyer and an Opportunist in politics, and was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1872. He was Under Secretary of the State Department of Justice in 1876, and Minister of Agriculture in 1881.

M. Meline has selected the following Cabinet: Felix Jules Meline, Premier and Minister of Commerce; Charles Dupuy, Minister of the Interior; Jacques Trépoix, Minister of Justice; Raymond Poincaré, Minister of Finance; Eugene Spuller, Minister of Education; Francis Viette, Minister of Public Works; Admiral Rouvier, Minister of Marine and Colonies; Albert Viger, Minister of Agriculture; Gen. Voisin, Minister of Affairs.

The new cabinet is regarded as an ad interim ministry for the purpose of passing the budget and winding up the session.

AFTER JUDD.

Considerable Opposition to a Recently-appointed Consul-General.

VIENNA, April 1.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] The Anti-Semites and Clericals are greatly agitated over the appointment by President Cleveland of Max Judd of Missouri as Consul-General of the United States at Vienna. The opposition to Judd is based upon the ground that Judd is a Hebrew, and

therefore an undesirable person for the office. A petition is being prepared, addressed to Emperor Francis Joseph and the Foreign Office, asking the imperial authorities to refuse to accept Judd as the American Consul-General.

RAVAGES OF A FAMINE. PANAMA, April 1.—Famine rages in Cauca Valley, where the price of provisions and the necessities of life have so increased that life has become almost impossible to the poorer classes. The attention of the national government has been called to the sad state of affairs and the necessity of adopting some means of alleviating the pitiable condition of half a million people, who inhabit the Cauca Valley and are on the brink of starvation.

McManus & Son's Failure. CHICAGO, (Mexico), April 1.—It is impossible to learn the particulars of the failure of McManus & Son, bankers of this city. The liabilities are placed at \$1,500,000, but no public statement has been made. It is believed the assets are more than \$1,000,000.

Earthquake Shock. CATANIA, April 1.—A severe earthquake shock occurred in villages in the vicinity of Mt. Etna today. The inhabitants fled from their homes in great terror. The earthquake caused much damage to property.

Destructive Fire. MANILA (Philippine Islands), April 1.—A destructive fire in the suburbs of the town destroyed 400 houses, and it is feared some lives were lost. Many persons were injured while fighting the fire.

A Bloodless Duel. PARIS, April 1.—A duel between M. Andrieux and Deputy Marej has been fought, and resulted in neither combatant being hurt.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Miss Effie Clarke of Spokane Killed by a Rejected Suitor.

The Murderer Turns the Revolver Upon Himself and Inflicts a Mortal Wound—Cause of the Tragedy.

By Telegram to The Times.

CHICAGO, April 1.—[By the Associated Press.] Miss Effie Clarke of Spokane, Wash., a member of the freshman class of the Northwestern University, tonight was shot and instantly killed by E. Ross Smith, aged 26, until lately also a resident of Spokane. Smith, after shooting Miss Clarke, shot himself in the head, inflicting a fatal wound.

The cause of the murder was the refusal of the young lady to entertain Smith's proposals of marriage. Smith had been an ardent suitor for the hand of Miss Clarke, but his attentions were repulsed by her parents and herself. Smith was so persistent that in a final effort to escape his attentions, Miss Clarke, who is 19 years old, was sent to the Northwestern University. Shortly after her arrival in Evanston Smith put in an appearance, and had been tireless in his attempts to win the young woman for his wife.

This evening he called upon Miss Clarke and persuaded her to take a walk with him. She was accompanied by her room-mate, Miss Abernathy, who was the only witness of the tragedy. Smith urged his suit again, but without success, and tried to get the young lady away from her companion. She refused to go until Smith said he had something to tell her in confidence. They stepped off a short distance, and Smith at once drew a revolver and fired five shots at her, one bullet entering behind her left ear and another passing through her left side. Smith then turned the weapon against himself and sent a bullet through his head.

Miss Clarke was removed to a neighboring house, but expired in a few minutes. Smith was taken to the police station, where, before lapsing into unconsciousness, he said: "I shot her. She wouldn't marry me, so I shot her." Doctors pronounced the young murderer's condition hopeless, though he may live a few hours.

The father of young Smith is a wealthy ship-builder and contractor at Seabrook, Or. Miss Clarke's parents are now in Florida. Her father is Rev. Nelson Clarke, a retired minister, who is now in the real estate business in Spokane. The news of the girl's death have been telegraphed to Mr. Clarke, but no reply has been received.

PANAMA TRANSPORTATION.

The Existing Trouble Between the Steamship and Railroad Companies.

NEW YORK, April 1.—[By the Associated Press.] In regard to the reports of propositions that have passed between the Pacific Mail Company and the Panama Railroad, Vice-President Houston of the Pacific Mail Company said today: "The Pacific Mail Company never made a proposition more favorable than that made in September, which was practically to continue the old Panama contract. Under the present circumstances both the companies are bound to lose money. The Panama railroad is losing at the rate of \$1,000,000 a year on its present operations compared with those existing a year ago. The Pacific Mail Company paid Panama \$84,000 a month, while it now pays it only \$18,000, and in addition to this the Colombian Steamship Company, operated by the Panama Railroad Company, is losing \$80,000 per month. The Panama railroad has suspended dividends, and the stock of the company can be bought in Paris at \$80 per share."

Founded on a Falg.

CHICAGO, April 1.—The body of Lena Bunker, a dissolute character known as "Louise Miller," was found this afternoon in a room with her head pounded to a pulp. The woman was murdered some time Thursday night by a man as yet unknown to the authorities, but they have an excellent description of him.

Death of Editor Jackson.

PHILADELPHIA, April 1.—Gibson Peacock, editor-in-chief and principal owner of the Evening Bulletin of this city, died suddenly at his home this evening of heart failure.

Denies That He Has Been Killed.

Billy Clifford called at the police station yesterday to inform the officers that he is still alive and had not been killed, as was reported in the railroad accident near Cincinnati last week. The real victim was a man who strongly resembled Clifford, and the police of Cincinnati, on the strength of the resemblance, identified the remains as those of the latter.

"A Unique Corner of the Earth!"

That's Coronado Beach.

Do You Know What Coronado Beach Is?

It is the Paradise of the Pacific, the Mecca of tourists in search of rest, health, sport and diversion. "Is a 'Land of Sunny Days,' where care is a stranger and worry a dead letter. Where dyspeptics forget their ills and peevish mists are born again; where sick people get well and well people get fat. It is the Florida for globe-trotters and the land of Acadia for lotus-eaters."

Come and Tarry

With us awhile and enjoy the "dolce far niente" which is attained here to the height of earthly perfection. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. We've got the pudding—come and eat, drink and be merry. One never gets the "blues" at Coronado Beach.

Round Trip Tickets

From Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Bernardino, Riverside and Colton are sold for \$9, including one week's board in \$3 and \$3.50 per day rooms. T. D. YEOMANS, Agent, 19 N. Spring St. Los Angeles. For pamphlets, souvenirs, etc., address, E. S. BARCOK, Manager, Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, Cal.

HIT THE BALL HARD

The Angels Drop Another Game to the Colonels.

Jack Roach Was Too "Tired" to Do Effective Work.

And Was in Consequence Almost Knocked Out of the Box.

The Stick Work of the Visitors Largely Responsible for the Result—A Contest Too One-sided to Be Interesting.

Well, well, well! Where are we at, what have we done and where do we get off? Another game lost to the Oakland, and news from the North that Stockton won from San Francisco yesterday. We're a tie with Stockton at the tail end; that's where we're at, but no one seems to know what we've done to merit such punishment and where we'll get off.

Certainly the game yesterday was not what it should have been. Jack Roach's arm was too tired, while Griffith, the Colonels' pitcher, went it at a steady gallop to the end. Shiebeck and the "Kid" did good work and "Pop" McCauley redeemed himself. But the rest of the team allowed the garrulous "Tip" O'Neill to rattle them at critical junctures. "Tip" is a mighty power in the jawbone and can "hoodoo" the opposite side to perfection. The Colonel certainly has a jewel of a coacher in "Tip" O'Neill.

The first inning started with fair prospects. Shiebeck flew out to right, after which "Kid" Hines got a clean hit on a cleat base hit, followed by a three-bagger from Mr. McCauley. But Mr. McCauley celebrated his own funeral right on that bag as "Rasty" Wright and Glenalvin both outed between the plates and first. This was one tally for the Angels, but the Colonel got even in his half of the inning. He put "Unhappy" Joseph McGucken at the bat, and the very first ball Roach pitched was sent away off in the distance, giving the unhappy creature a clean base hit. Irwin drove a cannon ball to Shiebeck, who handled it magnificently and put McGucken out at second. Then "Hunky" Hines said he wouldn't play any more, and "Lengthy" Earl knocked a two-bagger, just for fun, bringing Brother Irwin home. But "Lengthy" got his just deserts for serving the Angels such a scurvy trick, and was himself run out by Glenalvin somewhere near second base. Collopy then retired the side.

In the second Los Angeles wasn't in it a little bit. "Pop" Hines, V. Dyke and Lohman going out in one, two three order. The Colonel, however, got in his heaviest work in this inning. The immortal "Tip" O'Neill just immortally paralyzed an awfully slow dewdrop for a base. Hernon was given first on balls. Cody was given a life at first on an error of Glenalvin's, thus putting three men on bases. Then Mr. Griffith, who, besides being somewhat of a twirler, knows something about hitting a ball, sent a two-bagger into left field, bringing in all three men from the different bases. Irwin soaked the sphere for a bag, bringing Mr. Griffith home on a clean earned run. That made four runs for the Colonel, which was all he wanted just then, so he quit.

In the third the home team captured two. Roach sent a box one "Tip" O'Neill and never saw first. Shiebeck, the man who, somehow or other, possesses the displeasure of the bleachers, distinguished himself by a clean base hit. "Kid" Hulen followed with another, but stole to second on a muff by Hines in center field, which also brought Shiebeck home. "Pop" McCauley went out on a sky-scraper to right and the "Kid" stole to third. "Rasty" Wright tried to see how near he could come to the pitcher without actually hitting him and succeeded in bringing the "Kid" home. The score was all, The Angels now had three runs, and the intelligent reader will observe the official score he will find that for the balance of the game they were simply not in it any more. The Colonel banged out one nice little horizontal figure in the third and repeated the dose in the following inning. Then, strange to say, he blanked in the fifth and sixth, but recovered himself in the seventh sufficiently to score one more. That satisfied the Colonel, and he didn't see any further use in working, so he called his boys from the field, something he could have done at the end of the second inning and been just as well off.

If anything has been overlooked in the above account, the score, herewith annexed, will supply the deficiency:

could have done at the end of the season and inning and been just as well off.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																	
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THE CONTINUED SUCCESS

IN OUR :

HAT DEPT.

IS

We Have The Most Popular Styles! We Have The Most Correct Shapes and Shades.

We Have The lowest price and display the largest variety of HATS ever shown in any hat store. All made by the best hat manufacturers.

First Spring Sale of Men's Underwear!

See Our Window Display!

The Latter
Men's Furnisher
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Under Nadeau Hotel



The excellent quality of this CREAM is the result of experiments extending over several years. It is an unsweetened cream. It is

Superior to all Other Brands

in every element that makes it desirable as a substitute for pure cream or milk, it being entirely free from the objectionable color and flavor of other brands. As a food for infants it has no equal. It is a perfect substitute for mothers' milk. A trial of a single can will convince the most skeptical of its superiority.

Ask for the Columbian Brand.

FOR SALE BY THE BEST GROCERS.

The Elgin Condensed Milk Company, WM. H. MAURICE, Agt. for So. California.

Herbert Wall Paper Store, 345 North Main St., Under St. Elmo Hotel.

Wall Paper, Room Mouldings, &c. LARGEST STOCK, LOWEST PRICES. Fine Work a Specialty.

Are You Going to the World's Fair? Secure Your Rooms NOW! And as near the grounds as possible. You can do this by calling on or addressing

The Columbian Fair Excursion Co., 229 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

With four elegant hotels of 8000 guests capacity daily and moderate charges, we challenge competition in every respect. Certificates purchased now secure your accommodations at any time up to 20 days of the closing of the Fair. Unused certificates redeemed in cash. The Hide and Leather National Bank of Chicago, trustee for certificate holders. The Los Angeles National Bank, collector for Southern California. W. H. GORRAN, Gen. Agt.

AUCTION.

Monday, April 3, 1893, 10 A.M.

The Entire Contents of the 9-room House.

458 South Main Street. Comprising 6 bedroom suits and mattresses, 1 wardrobe, 1 bed lounge, center tables, chairs and rockers, pillows and comforters, lace curtains, window shades, mirrors, cooking range and utensils, toilet sets, tapestry and ingrain carpets throughout the house. This house was recently furnished and is good as new. Sale positive and without reserve.

MATLOCK & REED, Auctioneers.

TRAUSERS 3.50 TO ORDER SUITS 15.00

GABEL THE TAILOR

222 S. Spring St.

SUMMARY.

Earned runs—Los Angeles, 1; Oakland, 2. Three base hits—McCauley. Two-base hits—Griffith, Hernon, Earle. Sacrifice hits—Hines (3). First base on errors—Los Angeles, 1; Oakland, 2.

First base on called balls—Los Angeles, 1; Oakland, 1. Left on bases—Los Angeles, 4; Oakland, 6.

First base on hit by pitcher—Lohman. Double plays—Shiebeck to Glenalvin to Lohman to Hulen; O'Neill to Earle to Irwin. Time of game—1b. 50m. Umpire—James McDonald. Score—J. S. Bancroft.

AFTER THOUGHTS. More coaching, Glen. What's the matter with Shiebeck? "Kid" Hulen scored two of the three runs made by the whole team. Those bleachers ought to be protected from the wind. Maybe there's where the "hoodoo" comes in.

Nicoll's booked today for the home team, which the Colonel will give Horner the management of the box. It's always better to work up from the bottom than to come down from the top. We've tried one, now let's try the other plan.

Advance copies of "Spalding's Official Guide for 1893" are now in the market. The book contains all the new rules, and is in most respects an improvement over last year's edition.

Stockton vs. San Francisco. SAN FRANCISCO, April 1.—The Stockton team defeated the "Frisco" this afternoon by a score of 6 to 3. The local men could not hit Harper, and put up a poor game in the field, besides some wild throws being very expensive.

ESTABLISHED IN 1880. Dr. B. G. Collins, OPHTHALMIC OPTICIAN, 125 South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal. With the Los Angeles Optical Institute. EYES EXAMINED FREE. In Wagner's "Kimberly."

Grand Show

.. Summer ..

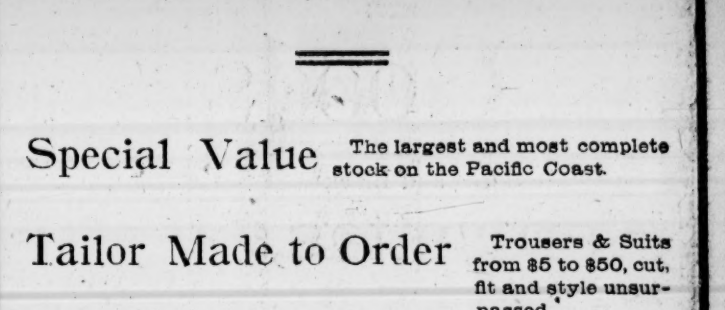
.. Suitings ..

Special Value The largest and most complete stock on the Pacific Coast.

Tailor Made to Order Trousers & Suits from \$5 to \$50, cut, fit and style unsurpassed.

Cheviot Suits Made to measure with good trimmings, only \$20.

IMITATORS



NICOLL The Tailor.

Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Boston, Denver, Cincinnati, New York 2, Washington, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Pittsburg, Hartford, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Or.

Spring Style.

Business Suits Our stock is the best value you can have. A fine clay worsted made to order from \$25; you try any credit tailor and you will pay \$35, and then nothing to equal ours.

Cut, Fit and Style Our New York cutter pleases every one.

Overcoats For this season made up light and handsomely trimmed, \$20; silk lined all through up to \$50.

\$5, \$6, \$8, \$10 Trousers.

We Want Your trade and we will get it if you know the value of your dollars and where they'll procure the most for you.

Samples mailed free to non-residents on application.

Nicoll, the Tailor,

134 South Spring St.

An Easter Greeting!

Boys' Confirmation Suits, Summer Suits, Beautiful Neckwear, at

Cor. Spring and First-sts.

VISIT

Nicoll the Tailor.

Just Arrived—His full line of Spring Goods. French, English and Domestic Suits From \$20; Trousers from \$5.

134 South Spring st., Los Angeles

McCloskey's Liquid Wood Filler, The only perfect liquid filler in the market. Seven different colors and light.

P. H. MATHIAS, N.E. cor. Second & Main-sts.

HALES

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

We will place on sale tomorrow, Monday, beginning at 8 a.m.,

1950 yards

Dress

Goods

Colored and Black

Henriettas,
Serges,

Etc., none worth less than 67½c (which has been our special sale price,) and some 75c and 90c qualities, will all be sold at the uniform price of

50c

PER YARD.

The colors include slate, drab, London smoke, navy blue, sapphire, light, medium and dark brown, old rose, cardinal, garnet, wine, sage green, reseda, terra cotta, purple, olive, peacock, myrtle green, beige, gray, strawberry, tans and black.

DON'T MISS
THIS SALE

As this is the most desirable lot of goods ever offered in Los Angeles for 50c per yard.

No Off Colors,

No Undesirable Patterns,

Plain goods like these never go out of style.

We Have 8 Stores.

Small

Wares.

Silk and wool Fringe.....	5c yd
Chenille, all colors.....	10c doz
Arasene, all colors.....	10c doz
Best Dress Braid.....	4c ea
Silk Drapery Fringe.....	5c yd
Linen Fringe.....	10c yd
2 pkgs. Hairpins for.....	5c
3 Shell Hairpins for.....	5c
Cotton Embroidery Floss.....	20c doz
Lacing Cord, all colors.....	1¢ yd
Dress Laces, finished ends.....	5c ea
Silk Corset Laces.....	
Chenille and Tinsel Cord.....	5c yd
Rope and Tie Silk.....	3c sk
Tinsell, all colors.....	2½c
Corticelle Embroidery Silk.....	½c ea
Initial Letters.....	2½c doz
3 Hatpins for.....	5c
Corduroy Dress Facing.....	15c pc
Rubber Skirt Protectors.....	15c pc
Filo Selle.....	3c sk
Dr. Warner's Coraline.....	3c pc
Hooks and Eyes.....	2c
Darning Cotton, balls.....	2c
Best Linen Thread.....	7c
Knitting Silk.....	25c

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

HALES

HALES

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

Silk
Specials

TOMORROW!

40 pieces Colored Satins in all conceivable shades, at.....

35c per yd

600 yards colored China Silk in all desirable shades, 27 in. wide, sold by all silk houses at 85c to \$1.00 per yard; our price to close.....

50c per yd

10 pieces colored and black Moire Silk, good value at \$1.25, reduced to.....

50c per yd

750 yards fancy Brocade Silk in evening shades, sold everywhere at \$1.75, our price.....

\$1.00 per yd

250 yards black Brocade Silk, 22 in. wide at.....

\$1.00 PER YD

340 yards fancy Brocade Trimming Silks, assorted colors and patterns, at.....

\$1.00 PER YD

4 pieces black Gros Grain Silk, 24 inches wide, reduced from \$2.25 to.....

\$1.47½ PER YD

3 pieces black Gros Grain Silk, Lyons make and dye, 24 in. wide, on sale at.....

\$2.00 PER YD

2 pieces black Rhadames Silk, 22 in. wide, good value at \$1.75, our price.....

\$1.00 PER YD

3 pieces Plain Black Satin at 67½c PER YD.

Hale's

Corsets

A good Drab Corset for 50c per pair, mostly all sizes.

A good Black Corset, all sizes, worth \$1.50 a pair, for 95c per pair.

We will show you as good a Corset for 75c as others ask \$1.25 for.

C. P., P. D. and other well-known brands of Corsets from 25 to 40 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

Many broken lines of Ladies'

Plain
and Ribbed

Underwear

At unheard-of prices.

Hale's California
Stores

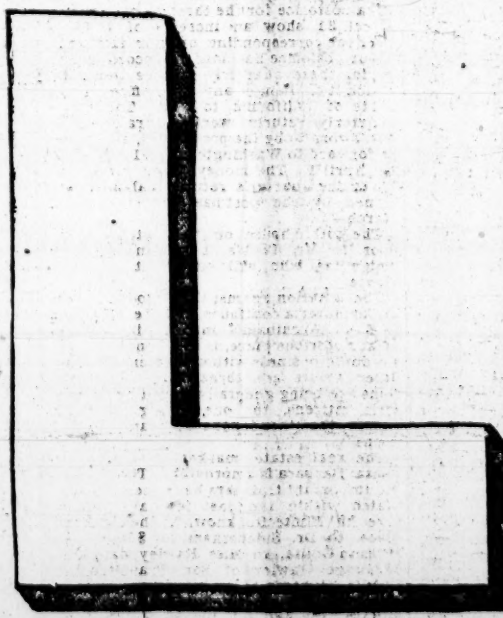
Are located as follows: San Francisco (937-941 Market street,) Sacramento, San Jose, Stockton, Salinas, Petaluma, 107-109 Spring street, and corner Third and Spring streets.

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

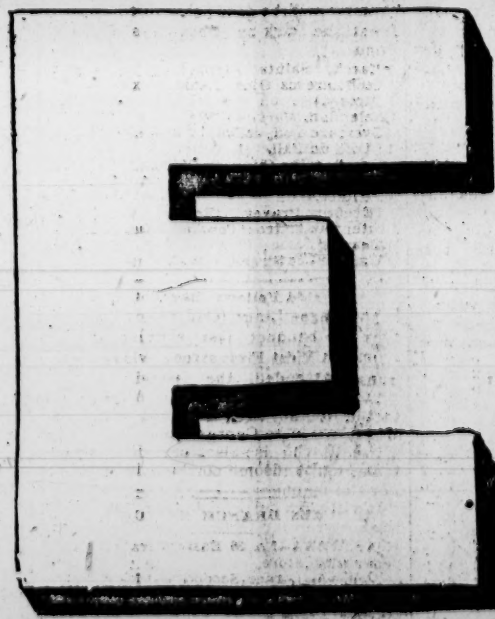
HALES

Corner
Third and Spring
Streets.

Branch of HALE BROS., Incorp., 937-941 Market St., San Francisco, and J. M. HALE & CO., 107-109 Spring St., Los Angeles.

Corner
Third and Spring
Streets.

Branch of J. M. HALE & CO., 107-109 Spring St., Los Angeles, and HALE BROS., Inc., 937-941 Market St., San Francisco.

Corner
Third and Spring
Streets.

HALES

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

Domestic
Specials

TOMORROW!

1000 yards Outing Flannel, fine quality, worth 15c, for.....

10c YARD

500 yards Llama Cloth, wool finish, 30 in. wide, worth 18c for.....

14c YARD

650 yards Flowered Algerine (Lawn,) sold everywhere at 20c, price Monday.....

15c YARD

2500 yards Checked Nainsook, worth 15c, for.....

12½c YARD

400 yards Cotton Eider Down, worth 20c, for.....

15c YARD

1000 yards Black Lawn, in stripes only, fast color, for.....

12½c YARD

1000 yards Black Sateen, Menrietta finish, worth 30c, for.....

22c YARD

1000 yards Black Sateen (French) Henrietta finish, best quality, worth 35c, for.....

27½c YARD

1000 yards Scotch Ginghams in plaids and stripes, worth 25c, for.....

19c YARD

500 yards Red Flannel, all wool, worth 40c, special Monday.....

29c YARD

400 yards Navy Blue Flannel, twilled, worth 40c, for.....

32c YARD

Hale's

Laces.

All of our Valenciennes Laces, ½ to 1½ inches wide, at 5c per yard.

All of our Valenciennes Laces from 2 to 4 inches wide, at 10c per yard.

All of our Torchon Laces from 1 to 2 inches wide, at 6c per yard.

All of our Pompadour Linen Laces, 4 to 6 inches wide, at 10c per yard.

All of our Maltese Laces from 1½ to 4½ inches wide, all to go at 10c per yard.

500 yards Black Oriental Lace, 4 to 6 inches wide, positive sale tomorrow at 10c per yard.

The balance of our stock of Black Laces, comprising Chantilly, Irish Point and Guipure Laces at

25 Per Cent Less
Than First San Francisco Cost!

Jas. S. Kirk & Co.'s Extract, ½ ounce bottles, at

10c

PER BOTTLE.

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

HALES

HALES

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

House
Furnishing
Goods

Specials Tomorrow!

2000 yards Unbleached Sheeting, 1½ yards wide, worth 18c, for 12½c a yard.

250 yards German Table Linen, good value at 50c, for 40c yard.

400 yards Unbleached German Linen, 68 in. wide, former price 85c, now 60c yard.

200 yards Bleached Table Linen, worth 80c, for 65c yard.

50 doz. Damask Towels, sizes 20x40, for 24c each.

50 doz. Huck Towels, special, at \$1.45 dozen.

25 doz. Napkins, ¾ size, heavy quality, worth \$2.50, for \$1.95 dozen.

70 doz. Bath Towels at 14c, 19c and 25c; sold everywhere for 20c, 25c and 37½c.

We still have about 75 Comforters left; sateen covering, Turkey red lining, pure white cotton filling; sold by Frank, Gray & Co. at \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$3.00, will be offered Monday for \$1.25, \$1.75 and \$2.25.

25 pair Lace Curtains, full size, good value at \$1.75, for \$1.19.

We Have 8 Stores.

Purses, Etc.

All of our Chatelaine Bags and Satchels will be sold without reserve at one-half original cost.

A large line of Jewelry of all descriptions at less than manufacturer's cost.

A large assortment of all shades, shapes and styles in Purses worth up as high as 50c each, for 20c each.

All of our 25c and 35c Ladies' White Embroidered Hemstitched Handkerchiefs at 15c each to close at at once.

25 doz. Ladies' black and white Bordered Handkerchiefs, worth from 15c to 25c, at 5c each.

60 doz. Ladies' White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ½, 1, and 1½ inch hem, at 5c each.

A large line of Ladies' White Silk Handkerchiefs, embroidered in colors, at 15c each.

A few dozen of those 50c Gents' White Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, at 25c each.

SPECIAL

—NEXT—

TUESDAY:

1140 yards medium weight bleached Canton Flannel, at

5c Per Yd.

Also 1250 yards 36-inch Bleached Muslin at 5c per yard.

Cor. Third & Spring-sts.

HALES

TWELFTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1893.

PRICE: SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS; BY THE WEEK, 3 CENTS.

BIG BISSELL,

Our New Postmaster-General, Personally.

How He Looks In the Eyes of His Buffalo Fellow-citizens.

Friendship With Cleveland—A Wire-puller Behind the Scenes.

The Story of 1884—How He Looks, Acts and Talks—A Close-mouthed Cigarette Smoker—Wanamaker and Bissell Compared.

Bissell's Big Law Practice and His Famous Firm—The Romance of His Marriage—A Pen Picture of His Wife and a Peep at Their Buffalo Home.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

BUFFALO, March 27.—Ten weeks ago he was only Bissell of Buffalo. Now he is Bissell of the United States. I refer to our new Postmaster-General, who lived here forty-odd years, his fat, round cheeks blushing unseen in his profitable law office, and his greatness going to waste in the desert air of the corporations whom he has counseled in a legal way to the tune of something like \$50,000 a year. It is wonderful how events produce great men, and how the elevation to power of one mortal pulls up the others about him. Benjamin Harrison raised his wand and, fairy-like, he created national reputations for his old college friend, John W. Noble of St. Louis, for Miller, his law partner, and a score of others. Cleveland opened his lips in 1884 and Daniel Manning and William C. Endicott became national quantities, and now, through his second Cabinet utterance, we are introduced to Bissell, Hoke Smith, Daniel Lamont and other men whose names we hardly know how to pronounce.

"BOSOM FRIEND BISSELL."

Mr. Bissell and Mr. Cleveland have been friends and counselors for years and Grover Cleveland has not in the world a man who stands closer to him than his new Postmaster-General. He was known in the newspapers during the campaign of 1884 as "Bosom Friend Bissell," and the two, when they were practicing law together here, were called the Damon and Pythias of the Buffalo bar. He has been associated with Cleveland during his years of prominence, and the fact that he has not been better known to the people has come from his guests' preference for keeping himself out of sight. During my stay in Buffalo I have chatted with close friends of both men, and I find that Mr. Bissell has in the past preferred to be one of the stage managers rather than a chief actor in the elevation of Cleveland to power. It is not generally known that in the struggle between Cleveland and Blaine in 1884 Wilson S. Bissell was one of the chief directors of the Cleveland forces and that to his sagacity the democratic victory was quite largely due. He was Mr. Cleveland's private and personal representative all through the campaign, and it fell to his lot to



Wilson S. Bissell.

investments. If Postmaster-General Bissell does not change the character he had here he will do differently. He has never had much to do with the newspapers, and has, I am told, cut shy of them, and has, apparently, rather feared them. Mr. Wanamaker was always accessible, and I have always been impressed by his honesty and his plain, practical common sense. He knew how to deal with men, and he seldom talked with a person long without making him his friend. He understood how to brush aside details and make the other men work for him. The new Postmaster-General has had to deal with books and legal questions more than with the managing of men, and he will not start out with the same advantages Wanamaker's experience in his store gave him. The two Postmasters-General were the opposite in appearance. Bissell weighed twice as much as Wanamaker and he tips the beam at about three hundred pounds. His massive skull could contain Wanamaker's head and the brown hair of the great merchant would not touch the walls of Bissell's cranium were it boxed up in its center. Mr. Bissell's arms are as big around as Mr. Wanamaker's calves and his thighs measure almost as much in circumference as does Honest John's waist. Wanamaker is about 5 feet 8 inches; Bissell is 6 feet 10 inches in the stockings. Both are smooth shaven, both dress in black and are simple in their tastes.

CLEVELAND AND BISSELL.
Here in Buffalo I hear many comparisons of Cleveland and Bissell, and the new Postmaster-General seems to be in



Wilson S. Bissell.

most ways the twin brother of the President. Their lives have run close together, and they were in their cradles at about the same time away back in the forties. Both came of fairly well-to-do families. Bissell's parents being perhaps the richer and sending him to school at Yale. Both were bachelors till they were 40 years old, their wives are about the same age and the two girls went to school together. Both families have one baby daughter, and the little girls are of about the same age. I chatted last night with an old lawyer friend of the two men. Said he:

"Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bissell have been almost inseparable ever since the latter was chief clerk in the office of Lansing, Cleveland & Folsom in 1870. When Mr. Cleveland was elected Sheriff of Erie county he wanted Mr. Bissell to become his deputy sheriff, but the clerk thought he was better things ahead in the law line and declined. A few months after he became the law partner of the Hon. Lyman K. Bass, and three years later Mr. Cleveland joined the firm. The two men were seen together almost everywhere, and called each other 'Will' and 'Grover.' When Mr. Cleveland married the daughter of another of his law partners, Oscar Folsom, Wilson Bissell was the best man, and when the present Postmaster-General married Louise Fowler Sturgis in February, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland were the guests of honor. These two men have never ceased to be 'Will' and 'Grover' to each other, and it is likely that no one in the Cabinet will have more influence in the new administration than Wilson S. Bissell."

THE BISSELL-CLEVELAND LAW FIRM.

The old law firm in the Weed Block, Buffalo, of which Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bissell were members, has probably met more public notice than any other in the United States. Mr. Bissell is not the only Postmaster-General among them. The firm dates back to 1834, when Hon. Orasmus H. Marshall, the most famous of Western New York historians, opened his law office. Mr. Marshall's first two partners, both left him to take public office. His third partner was Judge Nathan K. Hall, who had until then been Millard Fillmore's law partner. When Fillmore became President he selected Judge Hall as his Postmaster-General, afterward appointing him United States judge as successor to Roscoe Conkling's father. Nearly all subsequent members of the firm descending in direct line from O. H. Marshall have held some important office from District Attorney up. One of them, the Hon. Lyman K. Bass, was not only a district attorney, but a member of Congress, and his wife is now the wife of Senator Ed Wolcott of Colorado. Mr. Bass was Bissell's first partner, and Grover Cleveland joined the firm in 1874, after his term as Sheriff had expired. Bass withdrew on account of ill health in 1881, and left the firm named Cleveland & Bissell. The two men did a very large business as confidential advisers and counsel to corporations, and in a year they were obliged to take in another partner. Mr. Cleveland remained a member of the firm throughout his term as Mayor of Buffalo, but retired upon his election as Governor of New York, leaving Mr. Bissell where he has been ever since, at the head of the firm, which is now styled Bissell, Seward, Brundage & Bissell.

A BIG LAWYER OUTSIDE THE COURTS.

I am told here that notwithstanding the fact that the new Postmaster-General has been making from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year at the law, that he has never had a case in court in his life. Still he has been a member of the bar for twenty-two years and has made a fortune of something more than half a million dollars. He has wonderful executive ability and has made his money as counsel in big corporation cases. He is a great man on contracts, and his quickness to form a sound judgment on important matters has caused his advice to be sought in many of the largest railroad transactions of recent years. He has been president of two railroads, and is still at the head of the Buffalo and Southwestern, which he organized, for which he obtained the right-of-way, and for which he conducted the appraisal by which the road was leased to the Erie and Erie stock brought up to par. He organized the Buffalo and Genesee road, now a branch of the Reading system, procured its charter and was its

first president. He also organized the New York corporation of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. His present connection with the Reading system would be hard to discover, but without exception, his railroad management has been remarkably successful. He has a faculty for getting quickly to the bottom of big matters and is a famous negotiator. Hence, by tact and training, he seems to be a far better man for Postmaster-General than most persons have supposed. I am told that the Postoffice Department was the portfolio he wanted and that he said the President he would like either that or the Secretary of the Interior, though he didn't care much which.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIS HABITS.

Mr. Bissell, with all his greatness, is a devotee of the cigarette. He smokes incessantly, and uses the Russian and Turkish varieties, and with his big head as a background these little cigarettes grow smaller and smaller till it looks as though he was sucking the end of a taper rather than smoking. He smokes while he talks, and he is a good conversationalist. He is simple and unaffected in his manners, and is, I find, very popular with those who know him well. He has been a club man for years. He was president of the Buffalo club, the most important institution of the kind in Buffalo, for a longer term than any one else, and they tell of seeing him engaged in a three-legged race up there with a Buffalo bank president. He never was a member of the fast set, however, and now that he is married he is so devoted a husband that he is the subject of much good-natured jesting.

A WORD ABOUT HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Bissell has been living in Buffalo for only a few years, but she has made herself very popular here, and I find she has many admirers and friends. She is both pretty and accomplished and she promises to be one of the leading social figures of this administration. Let me tell you how she looks. Mrs. Bissell is tall and well rounded. Her dark brown hair is worn combed straight back without a crimp or curl. She has beautiful teeth and handsome blue eyes. She has a good tailor, but in dress she follows Mrs. Cleveland's taste for simplicity. She carries her head high in the air and gives one the impression of strong self-reliance and great energy, determination and ambition.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

There is as much of a romance connected with the Postmaster-General's marriage as with that of President Cleveland. Mrs. Bissell's maiden name was Louise Sturgis, and she came from an old family which well known in different parts of the Union. One branch of it lives at Mansfield, O., and one of Mrs. Bissell's relatives there has a big brick house in the most fashionable part of the town. Another branch moved from Mansfield to New York city, and Stephen Sturgis is one of the unknown well-to-do men of the metropolis. He would be called rich outside of New York. The branch to which Mrs. Bissell belongs comes from Geneva, N. Y., and Mrs. Bissell first came to Buffalo to teach music. Since the time she and Mr. Cleveland were schoolmates at Wells College she had planned and worked and studied with the idea of becoming a professional singer. When at last she was fitted to appear

in public as a professional, one of her first engagements was as a soloist at a Buffalo orchestra concert. While in that city she was the guest of Mrs. George Seward, wife of one of the members of the Bissell firm. Mr. Bissell met her there and it was a case of "love at first sight" on both sides, and the story of Cupid's arrow is a musical one. Music of the field and Louise Sturgis, the music teacher, became Mrs. Wilson S. Bissell, the wife of the rich Buffalo lawyer and the future Postmaster-General.

THE BISSELL HOME AT BUFFALO.

Mrs. Bissell, of course, gave up her teaching upon her marriage, but at her home here she has always had a musical circle round her, and at the capital she will form a feature of its musical as well as of its official society. She has a fine voice, and she has sung at a number of entertainments for charity. Her home here is a fine old-fashioned brick residence of two stories and a mansard roof. There is a tower in the middle of the front, and the entrance is on the ground floor. It is situated on Delaware avenue, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and is the house in which James N. Matthews, the famous editor of the Buffalo Express, lived and died. Postmaster-General Bissell bought it a year ago, and he has since furnished it in a solid, substantial way which harmonizes with its big rooms and its old-fashioned character. Since he has been in it he and Mrs. Bissell have given many quiet little parties and a number of musicales, and she has shown herself a most entertaining and accomplished hostess.

I am told here, in fact, that Mr. Bissell would never have been Postmaster-General had it not been for his wife. It is said that Cleveland offered him a Cabinet position eight years ago, but he refused it. This was before he had met his fate. With his marriage his tastes have changed, and he will do anything to oblige his wife. She has naturally great social ambitions, and when President Cleveland gave her the chance to gratify these in making her husband a Cabinet minister, Mr. Bissell accepted the place. Whether this story of Mrs. Bissell's persuasive powers is true or not, it is an interesting one, and I give it for what it is worth.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Hors de Combat.

[Chicago Daily Tribune.]

The fair patient had described her symptoms with much volubility and minuteness, but paused a moment for

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GREAT LAWYERS,

Who Have Uncle Sam for Their Client,

And Will Represent the Government Before a High Tribunal.

The Bering Sea Commission Now Sitting in Paris.

Millions of Money Involved in the Settlement—The Question at Issue—Beginning of the Alaska Seal Venture, Etc.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

NEW YORK, March 27.—When it was asked of one of the greatest lawyers who has ever practiced in the highest courts in the United States what the highest achievement of William M. Everts will be the common opinion was that of the leaders at the New York bar, the reply was: "His conduct of the case for the United States before the Geneva Tribunal." Mr. Everts himself in these years of delightful retirement which he is now spending is inclined to think that this was perhaps the high water mark of his career. He had gained fame at a time of life when all lawyers are still struggling. Before he was 40 years of age he was one of the leaders at the New York bar, and one of the very few lawyers of New York city whose names were known everywhere. In 1860 he was perhaps the most conspicuous of all that splendid throng of young Republicans who went to Chicago to determine the basis of the nomination of William H. Seward for President. When that convention had done its work, although Mr. Everts' heart was almost broken because another than Seward was nominated, yet his work at that time added to his prestige, and he remained in the hands of the public as a man of high ability and of high character. It was during that time that perhaps Mr. Everts' speeches during that convention have never been excelled in the history of convention oratory.

He added to his fame at the time of the impeachment trial of President Johnson, and became Attorney-General. He was Secretary of State and Senator from New York, thus having held a greater number of high offices than has been the lot of a majority of the famous statesmen. Yet he and the lawyer above referred to, and probably almost all of those who have been in the public service, have been in the hands of the public as a man of high ability and of high character. It was during that time that perhaps Mr. Everts' speeches during that convention have never been excelled in the history of convention oratory.

There have been several minor tribunals since that time, but none compares in importance with the court of arbitration now sitting in Paris, which will be called upon to decide some new questions of international law. It is called the Bering Sea Commission, for its object is to settle a dispute long pending between the United States and Great Britain respecting the right to catch seals in the Bering Sea. The questions involved are, some of them, too technical to be clearly set forth in a single article, but it is one of the most striking demands of the United States, one which is an entirely new question in international law, is that it not only controls certain waters off the Alaskan coast, but that it has a proprietary interest in the furs there bred, even though these seals may swim into neutral waters.

Millions of money are involved and vast commercial interests in the United States. A generation ago the two governments might have gone to war, as a result of this disagreement. At that time, however, the United States had no conception of the wealth which existed in these waters, and, in fact, had only just acquired the Alaskan peninsula by purchase from Russia, paying for it a sum which many believed far greater than its value.

The Bering Sea Commission of California was called to tell an interesting story about the discovery of these seal fisheries. Mr. Miller was Collector of the Port of San Francisco, and one day there came into his office a grizzled, weather-beaten sailor, who declared that he had a proposition to make. He said that if Mr. Miller and his friends would victual and otherwise supply a ship, and stand the expenses of a voyage, the old salt would bring them back something which would be worth almost its weight in gold. He controlled a ship, and would contribute to the voyage and his services as his share in the venture.

Mr. Miller, first hesitating, at last tempted, finally coaxed some of his friends to take the risk with him, and so they sent this old salt off upon his voyage. After a few months he came back, his ship loaded with choicest seal skins, he declaring that the skins which he had taken were but a drop in the ocean in comparison with the supply. Thus began the Alaska Commercial Company. Everybody connected with it was made very wealthy. Miller himself, who had been a poor sailor, found himself a millionaire in a few years, and was sent by California to the United States Senate. The Government received a considerable income, granting this company for a time exclusive fishing privileges. The great wealth that was now in the hands of the company, and the enormous profits, and the cupidity of other nations. British sailors ventured to the fishing waters, conflicts arose, our war vessels were sent to arrest poachers, and finally a question of international importance, threatening even war, was developed.

The Geneva conference and its successful issue furnished the example for a peaceful way of coming to a settlement, that by convention between Great Britain and the United States it was agreed to leave the matter to a court of arbitration, which was to sit in Paris in the spring of 1893.

Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States and Senator Morgan, who is esteemed one of the most accomplished authorities on international law and the diplomatic history of the United States who has ever sat in the Senate, were nominated by President Harrison to take part in these proceedings, and the late Secretary of State, Mr. Foster, with Judge Blodgett, James C. Carter and E. J. Phelps, were selected as counsel to present the Government's case, and still later Frederick R. Coudert, who called only a few days ago.

In legal circles the impression prevails that these lawyers have an opportunity for great achievement, such as has not been equaled since the day when William M. Everts and Morrison R. Waite appeared before the Geneva Tribunal. Mr. Waite's opportunity came at that time. Before that, a comparatively unknown lawyer of Ohio, he met the responsibilities committed to him so well that the country applauded when Gen. Grant appointed him Chief Justice some four years later. If Carter, Phelps and Coudert take advantage of this opportunity as well as these distinguished predecessors did, their rewards are likely to be quite as great. Mr. Foster can have no official recognition higher than he has already received through his appointment as Secretary of State.

It is a brilliant array of counsel now in Paris representing this Government, and some facts regarding the personality of these men should be of interest just now. James C. Carter has long been known to the profession as a lawyer of extraordinary attainments, but to the general public his name has been unfamiliar until he was selected as one of the Government counsel. He came to New York nearly forty years ago, with no other advantage than that which

SEE CARTER & ALLEN'S
Special sale of Easter neckwear. See
window display. CARTER & ALLEN
No. 106 South Spring st.

VISITING CARDS engraved
stationer, 214 West Second street Tel

THE LEADING FIVE-CENT CIGAR!

"SMOKETTES!"

15,000,000 sold in 1890;

24,000,000 sold in 1891;

40,000,000 sold in 1892.

And not one sold on the Coast until the last six months. A long Havana filler, Havana seed binder and a Sumatra wrapper.

A TEN-CENT CIGAR FOR FIVE CENTS!

TRY THEM AND BE CONVINCED! YOU WILL SMOKE NO OTHER!

FOR SALE BY—Haas, Baruch & Co., F. W. Bishop, George F. Dutton, Nadeau House Cigar Stand, R. T. See, J. H. Trout, Henry Parish, J. P. Madison, Z. P. King; in fact, placed with 150 dealers in the city of Los Angeles within the last 30 days.

Eshberg, Bachman & Co., San Francisco, Distributing Agents.

OSCAR BAER, Local Agent, 108 Commercial St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Dumas's melodramatic play, transmogrified from *La Demi Monde* by a couple of Americans, one of them being a woman, who ought to know better, *The Girl of the Year*, took its departure from our stage last night with few regrets from theater-goers, notwithstanding the satisfactory and artistic manner in which the play was presented by Mr. Stetson's very clever company.

Why the adapters saw fit to change the name of the play we are curious to know; certainly *The Demi Monde* fits it like a glove, and it ought to be retained in the Americanized version.

From the unwholesome atmosphere of such a drama as *The Girl of the Year*, to that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, played at the Park all the week, is like going out of the slums into the fields where the poppies blow.

The latter house goes on from week to week producing standard plays in a way to be deserving of commendation and patronage. It is a pleasure to know that the management is receiving both. The company might well be strengthened in places, and we think the way the public is giving the new venture support warrants the demand for stronger plays in minor roles.

Both the down-town houses will be dark all week so far as dramatic attractions are concerned, the Grand to remain so for several weeks to come—the next engagement at that house being that magnificent actor, Richard Mansfield, in a new play.

The Bostonians are due soon at the Los Angeles Theater, and will produce *Robin Hood*, which delighted packed houses night after night last season, besides two new operas since included in that great organization's repertoire, *The Kicker* and *The Opal*.

The adherence by the Bostonians to the highest of artistic principles may be said to account for the fact that in the field of legitimate opera comique the company which has been so brilliantly conducted by Messrs. Barnaby, Kall and MacDonald now stands practically alone. There are numerous so-called comic opera organizations in the country, but these exploit stars of more or less burlesque tendencies, and their performances are at best a mingling of extravagance and farce comedy.

The Bostonians, however, have held to their ideal, and have never yielded to the temptations embodied in the success attained by buffoonery and clownishness. So long as this spirit obtains the public is assured of at least one coterie of artists who may be looked to for the highest and best that art can offer in the way of light opera.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's own dramatization of her beautiful story, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, will be the attraction at the Park Theater during the coming week. No story ever written bounded into instant popularity like this, and the play met with the same, if not greater, success, the reason being that it is one of the brightest and most fascinating comedies ever put upon the stage. It is at once interesting, amusing and refined, full of deft touches of pathos, and in the hands of clever players makes a most charming entertainment. Little George Cooper will appear as "Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy," as played by her in every city of importance in the United States, including Los Angeles, by the New York Madison Square Company. George Woodthorpe and the entire company will appear in the support.

IN THE LOBBY.
And now, report says, he will soon be Sir Henry Irving.
Marie Jansen, who is touring South America, is at present in Guatemala.
A fortnight hence and Minna Gale-Haynes will forever retire from the stage.
Melbourne McDowell was seriously attacked with pleurisy at St. Paul last Monday.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is still enjoying the balmy air of Roquebrune, with occasional visits to Monte Carlo.
Annie Pixley produced *Her Honor, The Mayor* at St. Louis last Monday, and the star and Lulu Kilien made big hits.

Mr. Thomas W. Keene's two weeks engagement in New York has been remarkably successful. The public has flocked to see him, to listen to him and have appeared him to the echo. Mr. Edwin Booth could not have done bet-

ter, as every seat in the Union Square Theater was sold at every performance, long before the rise of the curtain.

Julius Brutus Booth has entered the medical department of the University of Vermont, and intends to become a physician.

They say that the silver statue is Miss Ada Rehan's head; but that the other part of it is the figure of a New York lady well known in society.

M. W. Wilkinson will produce *Miss Robinson*, a very successful French opera, at the New York Manhattan Opera-house during the spring.

Bettina Gerard, perhaps better known as Betty Padelord, who was announced to be dying in a hospital a few weeks ago, is out in the world again bright and pretty as ever.

A handkerchief owned by Modjeska is one of the rarest pieces of old Spanish lace in existence. It is said to have once been the property of Queen Isabel of "blessed memory."

Those who saw Isabella Coe-McKee in the pretty comedy *Niobe*, at the Grand a few weeks ago, will be grieved to learn that she is seriously ill at her home in Harlem, N. Y.

Robert Monroe is mounting in splendid style a new melo-drama, by Leander Richardson, called *Under the City Lamps*. Its first production will be in Bridgeport, Ct., April 8.

Bronson Howard is said to have been very much amused at the charge of plagiarism in *Aristocracy* made by a Chicago author, but not sufficiently so to prevent him from instituting a law suit.

Says Dunlop's Stage News: "Ada Rehan's silver statue has been successfully cast in Chicago, and let us hope it looks neater than the gifted actress does when she hurries through the least-frequented thoroughfares of Gotham."

The musicians at the Paris Opera struck recently and declined to play *Die Walkure*. They alleged weariness as an excuse, but it is assumed a "patriotic" aversion to German opera made them tired.

Verdi has written twenty-six operas besides *Filastaf*. Ismael Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, gave him \$100,000 for *Aida*. He has set his heart on building in Milan a home for aged needy musical artists, and he has for this purpose laid aside \$2,000,000.

Frank G. Carpenter, fresh from his successful appearances all the way across the continent, will be at the Los Angeles Theater April 17, and give his great "Famous People I Have Met" entertainment with the aid of a stereopticon. "Carp" has a national reputation as a newspaper man and has, perhaps, interviewed more great people of the world than any other man living. He may be expected to pack the house.

During the recent engagement of *Friends in New Orleans*, which is one of the most critical and appreciative musical centers in the country, Lucius Henderson's piano playing created a sensation. At the matinee ladies in the boxes and balcony plucked the flowers from their corsages and flung them at his feet. Young Royle, who plays the other "friend," not to be outdone, picked up a bunch of violets, and, presenting it to the bowing musician, said, repeating a line of the play, "I suppose half of that belongs to me," and the girls were convulsed with laughter.

John of Arc.

[Chicago Herald.]

The announcement that Joan of Arc is to be testified by the Pope will be great satisfaction to the French Catholics, among whom she has always been an object of veneration, and will give pleasure to all persons of a romantic turn of mind who have not believed the reflections made on the heroine's reputation by prejudiced historians. There is no character in history that has been more variously estimated. She has been called everything from an exalted saint to a disreputable adventuress. One antiquarian, and a Frenchman at that, claims that she discovered that she did not perish at the stake, but became the wife of a peasant and the mother of a numerous progeny. It is quite fashionable of late to rewrite the histories of people who have been dead two or three hundred years. The good old story of Joan of Arc will continue to be cited with despite the iconoclasts, and it is better for humanity to believe that she was an exalted enthusiast who thought herself commissioned of God—which is probably the truth. The action of the Pope gives a fitting finale to one of the most romantic stories in history.

Wanted Something Stronger.

[Waterbury American.]

Grace Greenwood told a story at a tea party at the Boston Women's Club the other day, and when asked to tell another declined, saying: "No, I cannot get more than one story high on a cup of tea."

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.—In consequence of the many complaints of the theft of this Times from its subscribers in this city, we will pay for the next sixty days a reward of \$10 for the arrest and conviction of any of the offenders.

W. B. TULLIS, watchmaker, 402 S. Spring

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And the voice of the kicker is heard in the land!

For, as of ages, ever since Time was a little bit of a young kid, with but downy fuzz where now grows his spreading wings, this bill out here at my off side, which juts against the vision and mars my westerly outlook, has been rearing its forbidding pile in the pathway of the march of progress, and everything like that.

Many is the vociferous remark the Eagle bird has uttered about having that bill curved and carted away to fill some forbidding hole elsewhere. Victory is hovering over the project just alighting, and now the royal California kicker, the like of which does not exist in any other township, county, State or continent in this wide, wide world, rears himself on the end of his pin and kicks and kicks and keeps a-kicking.

Is it but for this that the Eagle bird has cried in the wilderness for all these many moons?

Has the educating that has been going on from this perch of progress for ever so long had no other result than to set the kicker's heels in motion?

Cannot anybody go after an office in California or try to do anything for the public weal but what some misfit human being must get in and register a roar that reaches over four octaves?

It looks that way.

The taste for fooling seems to be so inborn in some folks that they would kick if they were going to be hung.

There are seasons when it is proper to register a protest and to howl with loud and discordant tones, but it would seem as if most any sort of a human would be able to agree in the proposition that First Street hill is a miserable wart of a thing that has no business to disturb the trend of travel and from the beautiful foothill region of Calhoun and thereabouts. It should be gutted—cut it—other words "removed" without further delay and without any more back talk.

The magnates down at Mayor Rowan's big house, where the public library scatters its fact and fiction broadcast through the community, have come to the front like little men and voted that the carrying shall be proceeded with. Hence, friends and fellow-countrymen, let the shoveling begin and do binged be the man who says put by the pickaxe!

This is the beautiful season when the tourist feels that he ought to get back home beyond the mountains and buckle down to work, first, of course, shoveling a road through the snow into his domicile or workshop, but ah! how the sunshine out here does woo the fellow! How longingly he lingers among the poppy fields all yellow with gold, and how sweet in his ear is the fanfare of the tall-horn.

And the lily hedges—how they bid him linger longer where they lift their pale cups up for the sun and the dew to pour them full of beauty.

And the riotous roses that clamber and climb and reach out beckoning blooms at the fellow, bidding him stay a while longer where they get so gay. Also the orchards decked with blossoms that brides wear—how they say to him with their breathings of sweet perfume, "Stay, you chap with the fur-collared overcoat, and enjoy the loveliness that is all around you, and the like of which is not elsewhere on this big continent."

And the green hills woo him, the breezes from the quiet sea, and the sky so deep and tender that bends above him daytimes short, full of sun, and at night is all aspartike with stars.

Poor devil! It is tough to see you drag your reluctant way across the big divide into the region where the cyclone rips the seven ways for Sunday.

It is tough, indeed, to know that the sweeter summer will catch you back yonder and make you limp and moist and all played out—that the blizzard is liable to catch you out on the plains before you get half way home and blockade you in a snow bank; that the lightning is liable to toy with you to your great detriment and all that sort of thing.

But the sunshine, and the lilies, the roses and the orange blossoms; the stars and the sea breezes, will all be here next winter, just the same. Come out and absorb 'em!

How lovely it is to see Spring street

"all tore up." But who ever saw it otherwise!

Some kind of an outfit—a gas company or a conduit company or a street railroad company gets a franchise, and the very first hard work they do is to go out and rip up Spring street. Long weary months have I lingered on this dreary outlook and kept an eye onto things, but it has been what might fitly be termed a cold day when I couldn't look over yonder and see some kind of a trench slicing that thoroughfare, open either lengthwise, crosswise or otherwise.

A water service makes a hummock in one place, somebody digs for a sewer connection and makes another, then the man next door wants gas put in, and a third wave of trouble is added to the aggregation of those that already roll across Spring street's peaceful breast.

Poor old Spring street! how it must long for rest!

How sick it must be of seeing men that wear overalls jab picks into it, ripping up its pavement, emboweling it, just everlastingly "chawing of it up."

In the sweet "bymby" no doubt that street will get a finish on it that will last at least a week, but when the Eagle bird is not prepared to say, "Poor old, harassed, ripped-up Spring street! your troubles make me ennu!"

THE EAGLE.

The Public Library.

The Attendance Committee of the library board was in session, nearly all of yesterday afternoon. Each of the young lady employees of the library was called before the committee, and questioned in regard to her duties, the number of hours she is employed and other details. This was done in order that the committee might become more familiar with the workings and needs of that institution. The committee will report in regard to the matter at next Wednesday's meeting of the board.

The examination of pupils for admission to the training-class of the Public Library has been postponed until next Saturday afternoon.

New Incorporations.

Articles of Incorporation were filed with the County Clerk yesterday by the Consumers Electric and Gas Companies of this city and Pasadena, formed for the purpose of building works for generating steam, gas and electricity, and to sell the same to consumers, etc., with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, and \$100,000 respectively of which, one-tenth has been actually subscribed. The board of directors of the Los Angeles Company consists of George L. Arnold, George B. Shaffer, R. J. Widney, L. E. Fish and A. F. Mills, and the Pasadena board consists of all these gentlemen except R. J. Widney, for whom J. A. Buchanan is substituted.

As Others See Us.

Following is an extract from a Minneapolis letter to a gentleman of this city: "Los Angeles is rapidly coming into favor. I hear nothing but good of the city from returning tourists, fruit buyers and others whose business or pleasure takes them there. A friend of mine has been out over the Union Pacific and Great Northern railways visiting every town and meeting many traveling men, and, without an exception, every man expressed strong confidence in the immediate future of Los Angeles; and thought it the coming town for the next five years; that business is better there than in any other place west of the Mississippi River."

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Frank English, Capistrano.
J. B. Hanna, Colton.
F. A. Shibley,
J.

Miss Eva C. Kinney recently assumed control of a Kansas paper. She made an announcement at that time which will doubtless be very pleasing to her friends and must have caused surprise among the general readers of her publication. "I am," she wrote, "a girl, with all a girl's love for fun, frolic and romance."



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“113-115 north spring street.”

“if you buy

the all-wool challies this season come in small patterns and small stripes—last year the patterns were large and showy; challies drapes nicer than almost any other class of woolen goods and do not wrinkle in wear; they have the additional advantage in being all wool of holding their colors better—the new challies are works of art in printing; dark and light grounds in small figures and stripes.

—a table cloth and it is represented to you as all linen, and it turns out to be part cotton, you are cheated; a salesman has it in his power to cheat you by a misrepresentation; a good salesman will tell you the truth; he will represent the goods as they are—if you buy a part cotton for all linen, and you knew it at the time, you cheat yourself—if you buy a part cotton for all linen upon the representation of one of our salesmen, bring it back and get your money; we protect you—this has secured to us the lion's share of the linen trade—we advise buying all linens—they should have an even, well twisted, round thread, thoroughly woven; you get the worth of your money even if do pay a good price, and you generally pay less for this class of linens proportionately than for the cheaper grades—we advise buying good napkins, not the high-priced kind so much as the durable, even, round thread, well twisted linens.

“never buy part cotton

—napkins; they soon become linty and are wholly unfit for a beardless man to use; his face looks like he had come out of a cotton field after using part cotton—all linen napkins, extra value \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 a dozen; we recommend them—all linen tablecloths 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, 90c and \$1 a yard; we recommend them; they are all linen—elegant.

“crystal cut glassware free

—to all purchasers of one dollar's worth or more in the linen department; where can you do as well?

“are you a

—subscriber to the delineator? this month's patterns will come with the delineator; the pattern sheets will be in two weeks later—this is a new arrangement—we will have double the patterns, and yet there will be a scarcity of the best selling ones—our pattern stock will be double in size—we now take

“850 copies of the

—delineator each month, and are always short before the end of the month—the complaints about being out of patterns will no doubt be less from now on—we are 3000 miles from headquarters, and with the largest stock some of the best patterns will be sold out in three days—it takes two weeks to receive a new supply—delineator subscribers should take advantage of the first installment; there is a choice; there are fully 2000 delineators sold each month in los angeles; this means a heavy drain on the best selling patterns—we expect the delineators this week.

“ladies' extra

—well made calico wrappers, \$1.50—then we have chambrays, percales, gingham, lawns and fine muslin wrappers from \$2.00 up to \$5.00; fine wool wrappers, \$8.00; our wrappers are made full size, cut in right proportions, made well and nicely trimmed—take the elevator to the cloak department for new spring wrappers.

“we believe our

—big increase in trade is largely due to the system of moderate profits and good treatment; we believe the extra large increase in the dress goods department is largely due to the showing of goods freely, the giving of samples, and the reasonable price the goods are marked; we believe the large variety of styles in the dollar line has brought about the largest trade—people are interested in this class of goods; they are looking for moderate-priced goods, and we carry the largest line in goods from 50c to a dollar a yard—no house in this city can show one-half the increase we are now making—the trimming stock has the same story to relate.

“moderate-priced dress

—trimmings 6¼c to \$1 a yard; an extra large line 25c, 35c and 50c a yard; 12 colors in each line—laces will be largely used for trimming silks and wash dress goods—our new laces are now on sale.

“don't run away

—with the idea that any merchant will sell you goods for less than cost; don't you believe it when any merchant argues that he owns his goods for less than anyone else.

“if any one says he sells

—goods for less than his neighbor, take the precaution to weigh and measure all your purchases—all merchants are in business for the profit there is in it.

“a reasonable and just

—profit will build up a trade; an unreasonable and unjust profit compels a merchant to make untrue statements to secure trade—we sell dress goods at reasonable profits; we treat the public square; we give value for the money we receive, and this is all any reasonable person could expect—largely increasing trade.

“we have taken

—special pains this season in baby caps and baby bonnets to get better styles and better fitting articles than ever before—we have a new line of lace, silk and mull caps that fit the head to perfection; they are made up in neat, new styles, and are exquisite for the price, 25c to \$3; special values 50c, 75c and \$1.

“everything for the baby

—confirmation robes, flannel skirts, bands and shawls, knit sacques and booties, silk and woolen.

—we study linens; we make the linen department one of the specialties of the house; we cater to the trade that buys linens at reasonable prices, and carry a stock sufficient to meet all demands—round thread, even, well twisted linen wears well; it is the kind we sell; well woven, pure flax; fine bleaching; this gives us the big end of the linen trade—hand-cut crystal cut glassware free to all purchasers of one dollar's worth or more in the linen department.

“human nature varies according to the weather—if it is a rainy, disagreeable day everybody

—but yourself is out of humor and you are always too happy for any use—nothing wrong about you—people sometimes imagine they are hurt when what is said and done is often for their own good; they may be looking through green goggles, and everything is green to them; if they would remove their glasses things would assume their natural hue, and the surroundings would be lovely; some people are color blind; they never make good dry goods people; sometimes their innermost thoughts are color blind and they fail to see good in anything and belong to the ages of the long ago—the bright side of life is the best to look upon; people are sometimes hard to please when they go shopping; this is not always so with the same people; this makes it more important for clerks to be careful and watchful and to give the best attention; cranky people are generally of a bilious nature, and we must not assume to cure their ills by cranky methods; some assume too much and know too little—a wise merchant looks upon the broad side of human nature and overlooks the weakness that sometimes crop out; a little diversion from cold business brings food for reflective minds—you go to church, and with every thrust of argument advanced by the minister your conscience smites you and you believe the sermon was gotten up for your benefit when perhaps the minister thought you of so little importance he never gave you a passing notice; he was after the masses; he was trying to interest you in his argument, and your poor soul took it as a personal thrust—business today is done upon the broadest plane; to succeed one must be aggressive and liberal; he must be truthful and honest; we go to the extreme limit in dealing liberally with the public; it creates interest; what if an advertisement is criticised? it shows there was something in it to attract notice, and it had its effect for good—even if the capital is never removed from sacramento it has stirred the people up to the importance of public improvement; they must rise up or go down lower; they must be more aggressive than san jose or lose their prestige and their capital—business men should be prodded at times to give them a revelation of what others are doing around them.

—main street lost its prestige by inactivity; spring street from temple to third will lose its prestige unless the property owners are more watchful; renters can move; they go with the flood tide of prosperity; and the new business sections now being opened up can never retain prestige by narrow ideas; they must be broad and liberal—men in business who are prospering are not in luck; they work for what they get; they are alert; they watch the ins and outs and lose no chance to make everything go in the right direction—employees in this day and age must be energetic; they must please the public; they must give attention, and the clerk who attempts to be smart at the expense of the buyer is simply a mile post with the direction turned the wrong way; he is misleading; he turns the public into another store, and he is soon looking for another position—we talk good treatment and we give it; we talk attention and we give it—we endeavor to enlist you in our business ways and to merit your good will—a few months ago great fun was being poked at our advertising; polite clerks and good treatment; you see no more of it—from the stand taken this business has grown faster and stronger than any business in this city, and we largely attribute the great growth in the strong stand taken in weeding out all undesirable and impertinent clerks, and taking in a better class of help and insisting upon the best treatment to everybody whether a buyer or a looker—good treatment and good attention first; prices a secondary consideration—good salesmen sometimes put people in a thinking mood; it may be rasping on the nerves—the outside public can criticize a man and see his faults better than he can—no man should assume too much because he has the power at his command—a dictator may become a servant, and the power he once held may be the means of leading him to prison—this business is growing; there is a big upheaval in trade; it is the onward march of progress that this great city is now feeling; all lines of business are in sympathy with this improvement—taking on more dress goods room—doubling up the dress goods trade—selling dress goods at a reasonable price—carrying a class of goods the masses buy, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, 90c, \$1 a yard.

“the andersons

—of scotch fame are makers of the finest gingham; the colors are as soft and subdued as silk, and are perfect for wear—the anderson gingham do not fade; they hold their colors and wear well; they are 32 inches wide, and

“sell for 25c a yard.

—you can buy american zephyrs, but the colors are not durable and they shrink more or less; not so with the anderson gingham; they hold their colors and do not shrink in washing.

“you may find

—a corset you like as well as the royal worcester; you cannot find a corset you will like better—the royal worcester comes in long, medium and short waists, extra long and extra short—if you take the precaution to get

“the proper shape

—you will always buy the royal worcester—we fit corsets; your dressmaker will recommend the royal worcester; how can you expect a good fitting dress without a good fitting corset?

“another and larger

—line of new capes on sale monday; you know capes are the stylish wrap this season; the large sleeves necessitate outside wraps to be without sleeves; the capes are popular on this account; all-wool capes, \$3.00 up to \$25.00; all-wool blazers, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00; stylish jackets for children from 4 to 12 years; misses' jackets in all grades from 10 to 18 years; small ladies can wear a 16 or 18 year garment and save about one quarter of the cost over a lady's wrap.

“ladies' all-wool cape

—newmarkets, \$5; light weight, 5 colors, high sleeves, late styles.

“salesmen who

—rely solely upon their acquaintance for trade are generally very little acquainted—it is the active, energetic rustler, who has an eye to business, and enough of the “git up and get” about him to treat people right, who sells the most goods; they have the faculty of making friends, and this is their capital—people like to be waited upon promptly and well; they go into a store to see, and it is the salesman's place to show the goods and to show them well; our dress goods men understand this art; while they have as many personal friends as the average lot, they rely more upon the way they treat the public than upon mere personal friendship; they show goods and they show them well; they give samples and they give them freely; they take an interest in their work and show it in every action—

“the dress goods trade

—has more than doubled over a year ago—another great factor is in keeping up complete lines of moderate priced goods; while a lady will buy one fine dress in a year, she may buy three or four at a reasonable price—a great many rarely care to pay more than a dollar a yard, and this class is largely in the majority—our trade is largely composed of this class of customers, and it is the very best; best line of dress goods we ever carried, 50c, 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c, 90c, \$1.00 a yard; worth considering, worth seeing—our shelves

“are not loaded up with

—pattern suits three and four years old; bright, new, attractive goods, fancy styles as well as plain, largely composed of goods worth 50c to a dollar a yard; cheaper dress goods if you want them, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c and 45c.

—new leghorn hats, 25c and 50c; blacks and creams; children's school hats, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00; sailor hats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00; wreaths for trimming, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00—we sell millinery at reasonable prices—why pay extra for style when you can get it here without paying extra; finest trimming and nothing extra for this; reasonable prices prevail in the millinery department; new colored velvet ribbons.

“it is always an

—interesting study to watch the effect produced by the arrival of new goods; salespeople are eager for new things, and they generally neglect the old for the new; new goods give new energy to the employees, and they impart this to the customer—our latest arrival of new goods is radically different from the laces of last season; heavy edges on fine net for the top and extra heavy shirred worked on a fine mesh net; they are narrower than last season and the styles are more distinctly brought out.

“the new colored laces

—come in bright greens, bright purples, pinks and modes, also blues and creams; also new chiffons in the same shades, as well as new veillings; colors as well as styles change with each season—our new, large stock is now complete; the same system of

“moderate profits prevails

—in the lace department as in all others throughout the house.

“we believe we

—sell more parasols than any two concerns in the city; we sell them at a reasonable price; metal handled silk glorias

“\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50—

—same in twilled silk, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00; carriage parasols at all prices.

“everybody

—who is familiar with the business of this city will readily say that the business of this house is showing the largest growth ever made by any dry goods house in this city—we say it candidly the dress goods trade is more than doubling over a year ago—there is a reason for it—moderate prices, good treatment and ample stocks to suit the demand—crowds line the dress goods counter day in and day out—you can get samples for the asking—goods will be shown you cheerfully whether a purchaser or a looker—the largest dollar line of silks and the best wearing brings to our counter big silk buying—now selling more dress goods than any other concern.

—windsor ties and leather belts, necessary articles with blouse waists; windsor ties, 25c and 50c; leather belts, 25c to \$1.25; green, purple, red, pink, cream and black chiffon laces.

“selling out the

—shoe department; big bargains in children's shoes; big bargains in misses' shoes; if we have the sizes we can save you from 50c to \$2.00 a pair on your shoes; a few slippers at very low prices; we are going out of the shoe business.

“bear this in mind

—you will pay \$2.00 and \$2.25 for the best kid gloves in any house; no one sells them for less; we sell the best for \$1.25 a pair; no one can sell you a

“better glove than the

—villa, regence, angelona, trefousse, foster or dent; we sell the choice for \$1.25 a pair; you pay \$2.00 and \$2.25 for them elsewhere; we have an object in view in cutting the prices on kid gloves; a little later on we will explain; in the meantime you may have the

“choice of the best for \$1.25

—a pair; buttons, hooks and mousquetaires, none higher than \$1.25 a pair.

“everything about

—blouse waists are new this season; the sleeves are larger, the length is larger; they are made and trimmed differently, and an entire new line of goods is being used; they will be the very best of selling goods, \$1.00 up to \$6.00; new wrappers, finely made and finished, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00 and \$8.00 cheaper than a dressmaker's bill.

—we sell linens; we can recommend and guarantee; don't buy linens with cotton in them; they rough up, they do not wear; they are dear at any price; all linens for 50c, 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c, 90c, \$1.00, the kind that wears well.



SOCIETY

Lent is over and the social world will resume its forty-day fast. Owing to the fact that so many Los Angeles people have decided to "visit the World's Fair early in the season," it is doubtful if the social ball rolls quite as briskly this spring as in seasons gone.

The calendar for this week is about as follows:

Monday—German Ladies' Benevolent Society ball at Turner Hall. Easter ball at Korbel Hall, Boyle Heights. Treble Clef concert at Los Angeles Theater.

Tuesday—Lecture to ladies on "Improvement and Artistic Dress," by Mrs. Annie L. Sloan, at the First Congregational Church at 3 p.m. Masque pupils recital at the residence of Judge Widney, at 8 p.m. Whitley-Elliott wedding at 8 p.m.

Wednesday—Aus der Ohe concert at Los Angeles Theater.

Friday—Signal Corps ball at Armory Hall.

Saturday—Aus der Ohe concert at Los Angeles Theater.

AN EASTER TEA

Mrs. O. H. Churchill gave a charming Easter tea last Thursday to about fifty invited guests. The ladies brought their needlework, and spent the afternoon in the pretty parlors fragrant with the breath of heliotrope, violets and white roses. The decorations were wholly in purple and white, and the effect was exquisite. During the afternoon Mrs. Modini-Wood sang, and Miss Kent played for the pleasure of the guests. Tea was served in the dining-room, which was hung with vicia blossoms. The ices were served in nests of spun candy, and were moulded in the shape of chickens, pigeons and eggs, and the souvenirs were artistic Easter eggs. The affair was given in honor of some Montana friends, among them Mrs. Dan Flowerree of Montana, and was thoroughly delightful throughout.

THE RECEPTION

The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. George Dietz at their residence on Fair View avenue, Brooklyn Heights, last Thursday evening, was a most enjoyable affair. The rooms were transposed into bowers of tropical plants, in which merry parties tried to fathom the mysteries of whist and euchre. At 11 o'clock an elegant luncheon was served. Mrs. Dietz not only proved herself a charming hostess, but an artist as well, the decorations being in extremely good taste.

THE ARTISTS

The artists of the Bryson Block are holding an exhibit of their pictures in the rotunda on the second floor of the building. The high skylight sheds an agreeable light upon a very interesting display of works of art. Eugene Torrey has, besides several water colors, a number of missions and other sketches in water colors. Many of them have a delicious warmth and delicacy of color. His latest work is a water color of two Breton fisher girls on the beach. The movement of the figures as they come along the sand carrying baskets, and the white breakers behind them in the pale twilight, relieved with faint red in the horizon, make a picture of charming sentiment.

Mrs. S. H. Jordan, who has just returned from New York, shows, with other work, her last summer's sketches in water colors—delightful bits of Eastern scenery. Especially good is a view of a Jersey salt-marsh, with the rich, yellow ground and purple distance; and a glimpse in Central Park, the delicate autumn tints in the foliage reflected in the lake, noticeable for refinement and repose of color.

Miss Regina O'Kane's work shows a steady advance in quality, and proves her the possessor of decided original talent. A graceful composition of wild flowers is her latest work, and the painting of peaches is especially happy in arrangement and rich in tone. There are some dainty studies of violets, in which clear glass, with its sparkling lights, makes a foil to the violet hues.

Miss C. Breakey exhibits one picture, a charming street scene.

Miss Helen Coan's most recent work is two canvases of the yellow poppies, remarkably successful in rendering of the rich color and satin texture. In the larger picture the poppies are overflowing an Indian basket; in the other they are combined with cream cups and a cluster of lilies. Miss Coan has a variety of water colors, including a magnolia study and other flowers, pure and broad in treatment; missions with twilight effects and landscape sketches, some with the cool, blue skies of the North and some with the warmer tints of our mesas and mountain ranges.

The exhibition continues this week.

EASTER MATINEE

The children of St. Hilida's hall, Glendale, gave a charming matinee last Thursday, entertaining with music, recitations and songs. A very pretty feature of the occasion was a flower-decked table, on which the girls and young ladies about to leave for their Easter vacation deposited their boxes of Easter savings as they entered the room. The matinee was given in the parlors, with shades drawn and gas lighted. Altogether it was a very unique and delightful close of the present quarter.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Fifty little folks were elevated to the seventh heaven of delight yesterday in watching the fortunes of Humpty Dumpty as presented by the children of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Copp at their home on Orange street. It was an Easter matinee, and for two hours "Alice in Wonderland" held the breathless attention of fifty pairs of bright eyes.

When the clever performance was over, ice cream and cake were passed about, and at dusk the following children trooped home to tell of the wonders they had seen: Charlie Adams, Jesse Bryson, Alice and Hazel Bryson, Carl Benz, Robbie Bostwick, Gertrude Bostwick, Edie Bostwick, Ruthie Bostwick, Arthur Bell, Lena Cressy, Campbell, Edith and Dot Draper, Mabel and Clara Dooner, Rebecca Day,

Fred Day, Mary Day, Robbie Day, Alice Day, Florence Day, Fred Forrester, Mabel Gray, Alice Graves, Catherine Graves, Salvin Graves, Grace Henderson, Robbie Hale, Walter Kays, Ruthie Kays, Eddie Lovey, Belle McCartney, Don McCartney, Fred McCartney, Myrick, Wheeler North, Walter Pomeroy, Frank Phelps, Mabel Reynolds, Gladys Reynolds, Helen Salisbury, Stewart Salisbury, Childe Salisbury, May Wilson, Horace Wilson.

BUSINESS-COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENT

The social which occurred Thursday evening at the Woodbury College was a very entertaining and successful affair. A large number of people were present and an excellent programme was rendered. The first number was a piano solo by Miss Gracie Lawrence, given in good style. The little sisters, Helen and Sadie Green, next gave a very pleasing piano duet, and Miss Pearl Gleason followed with an entertaining recitation, entitled "The Little Scottish Martyrs." A violin solo by Prof. E. C. Wilson, accompanied by C. E. Stevens, was much enjoyed, and a recitation by Miss Buckingham and Prof. McCullough's entertaining and humorous selection from Mark Twain were especially appreciated. The exercises were appropriately wound up with a social promenade.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. W. W. Schultz of Chicago, who has been visiting Mrs. W. J. Crandall at Willow Dale ranch, was serenaded Monday evening by the young people of Florence.

Mrs. J. W. McMullen and her mother of Columbus, O., who are making a several months' tour of Southern California, are the guests of Mrs. R. C. Hunt, East Magnolia avenue.

Miss M. Parsons Andrews, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has arrived in the city for the summer, and is the guest of S. M. Brokt and family, No. 628 South Pearl street.

G. E. Van Syckle, wife and daughter of Detroit, Mich., are visiting friends in the city.

Miss Pauline Barney left with the Warner excursion on Wednesday morning, the 29th, for St. Louis, where she will join relatives and make her future home.

Miss de Etta Quincy, the artist, leaves for Chicago about March 10, to spend the winter with her parents in New York, Boston and Portland, Me.

ARIZONA NOTES

PHOENIX (Ariz.) March 31.—[Special.] The Northern Addition Electric Railroad Company has thirty cars en route here, ten cars having arrived, and the road will be completed by the 15th of May. The new electric-light plant will belong to the same company, and be completed at the same time. A suburban hotel will be built, by plans furnished by Los Angeles architects.

Col. Brodie of Prescott is in Phoenix. He states that the Walnut Grove Canal Company will build a dam 210 feet high and 420 feet long to hold back water in the canon. Col. Brodie, the chief engineer and superintendent, is at present the County Recorder for Prescott.

Gov. Murphy, after retirement from office, will devote his time to business he has both in Phoenix and Prescott.

CAMEL-SHAPED GRANITE ROCK

The Curious Formation Which May Be Seen on an Arizona Stage Road.

Curious rock formations are to be found all over the world, but most of them require a long stretch of the imagination before the objects they are said to represent can be seen. In Arizona there is one that is deserving of first place. It is a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle, and stands on a knoll several feet above the surrounding sandhills. When first seen the effect is startling, and the mind has to get over a shock before the peculiar object can be comprehended. As described by the San Francisco Call it is a most perfect representation of a camel, and is formed of one piece of granite. No effort of the imagination is required to perceive the shape of the desert "standing like a verdant hill in the midst of the sand and almost veridical hills.

This curiosity is of colossal size, but perfectly proportioned. It is about sixty feet high, and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they, strangely, are in the proper places to form features. The only real projection from the surface is exactly placed for an eyebrow. The two humps are plainly to be seen, and the neck is curved beautifully. The

rock is really a solid piece rising from the ground, but the effect of legs is produced by a clump of dark-colored brush that grows beside the stone. The white stone shows plainly at both sides of the brush, and the effect of the legs is unmistakably produced. The strangest part of it is that it looks like a camel from all sides and at all times of the day or night. There is no disguising the resemblance.

How the rock got into its present shape is one of the great mysteries of nature.

SAVED BY A BAD DREAM

[Chicago Evening Post.] A bad dream was the cause of the almost miraculous escape of Arthur C. Neely's family from asphyxiation last night, which would have resulted in the death of at least five persons. The family resides at No. 238 Heiden avenue, and consists of the husband, wife, two small children and a maid. The little ones, contrary to custom, were placed in a low bed instead of being put in a hammock. About midnight the attention of the maid was called to the children, and after attending to their wants she turned out the gas, but in some way turned the jet again, letting a stream of gas into the room. An hour or so later Mrs. Neely awoke with a start, having been in touch with some distant bogoblins. She noticed the peculiar odor in the room, and called her husband. Every apartment in the house was full of the fumes. Mrs. Neely almost fainted, and it took some time to bring her to. If the children had been in their customary places they would have surely died in spite of the timely discovery.

TOO WELL QUALIFIED

[Chicago Inter Ocean.] "What's the matter with Biggs? He has discharged the new typewriter that he engaged only this morning."

"Biggs asked her if she spelled correctly, and she said yes, whenever she had occasion to use the word."

THE COURTS.

Third Day of the Francis Arson Trial.

A Drunken Witness Causes Considerable Amusement.

He Detailed at Length the Part He Took at the Fire.

And Gives His Opinion at Some Length of the Residents of Pico Heights.

Other Witnesses Examined for the Prosecution.

The trial of the case against ex-County Recorder John W. Francis, charged with arson, was resumed this morning before Judge Smith and a jury in Department One yesterday, ten witnesses being examined for the prosecution during the session. Although there was not quite so large a crowd of spectators in attendance as on Friday, there were many more people present than the seating capacity of the courtroom could accommodate, and there was not very much space to spare for those who were prepared to stand up.

The day's proceedings commenced with the production by defendant's counsel of the two policies in insurance referred to by the witness Munro on Friday morning. These policies, which bore the date of April 5, 1890, were then introduced in evidence by the District Attorney, both being considered relevant in order to show the effect of the policy for \$1100 of the Guaranty Assurance Company, on the defendant's house, was accounted for by T. R. Owen, Esq., who explained, on behalf of his client, that it had been turned over to the Main Street Savings Bank as additional security for the note and mortgage.

The District Attorney then called, as his first witness, Frank H. Mellus, a carpenter, who afforded so much amusement while upon the stand that Judge Smith was compelled to assume his most austere look and tone in order to restore order to the courtroom, and to the defendant's counsel, who, in a intoxicated condition, which was evident to every one else in the courtroom, fortunately for him, escaped the notice of the court, although the defendant's counsel spared no pains to bring it to the attention of the court. Mellus testified in a jocular way that he had lived at the corner of Eleventh and E streets for six or seven years, and had known the defendant since he had lived at Pico Heights. He was present at two fires at the Francis residence on the morning of February 23 last. When the fire broke out, he and front section of the defendant's house, witness created an uproar of laughter by exclaiming, after a critical examination of the plans:

"That's a d—d good picture of Francis's house." He stated that after going to the Henderson fire, he and his wife returned home, and that he did not go to bed, as he "felt as though something was going to happen."

The defendant's counsel vigorously objected to any such statements, this part of Mellus's testimony was stricken out.

Proceeding, the witness stated that shortly afterward he heard one of the McCann children "singing out fire," and upon learning that the Francis house was on fire he went down there. After staying around there for some time, Francis announced that the fire was all out, and witness was ordered away from the premises. He then returned home, and a couple of hours later heard the second alarm and ran down there again. When he got there Mrs. Francis was outside, crying because the baby's picture was burned, and witness volunteered to go and get it. He entered the house Francis told him that everything was scorched and held him by the arm, so he went out again. Witness also tried, in a neighborly way, to assist in getting the furniture out, and was tearing a bedstead down in one of the rooms when Francis interfered.

When questioned as to whom he saw at the fire, witness replied that the whole of Pico Heights was there, and when pressed for names started District Attorney Dillon by responding promptly, "Well, I saw heady there. You know how many names I saw there with a name as long as your arm."

After the wave of laughter which followed this sally had subsided, the District Attorney took another tack, but with little better success.

Mellus, upon being asked whether or not he saw McCann there, replied: "Well, I guess McCann has got all that to do himself."

He was then asked whether or not he knew McCann, to which he responded: "I guess I do. He's a big little man. That is, he's little, but he thinks he's big."

The court, at this juncture, instructed the witness to respond to the questions asked him, without volunteering information, to which he replied cheerily: "All right, Judge, they can't cross me."

When asked what McCann was doing when he saw him, Mellus replied: "Getting his Irish up, I guess," and the District Attorney turned him over in disgust to the defendant's counsel, with the remark: "You may take the witness, if you want him."

By this time the risibilities of the audience were almost beyond restraint, but Judge Smith remarked sternly that the courtroom was not a beer garden, at which remark Mellus pricked up his ears, and queried huskily: "Where is it?"

Upon cross-examination witness stated that he did not assist in putting out the Henderson fire, and had nothing to do with the fire at the Francis house, and that he had not seen Francis at the fire.

Johnny McCann, a fourteen-year-old boy, testified that he lived with his parents on D street, Pico Heights; that he and his sister went to the Henderson fire together, their father having preceded them. The defense objecting to his testimony on the subject of the Henderson fire, the juvenile witness was questioned as to the fire at the Francis house, and corroborated the testimony of his mother, sister and Mrs. Henderson, adding that when he went to the rear of the house to look at the fire under the kitchen he got down on his hands and knees, and after pulling the tin paint bucket, in which something was blazing, with the aid of a pair of curling tongs, but when the handle came off his mother told him to leave it alone or he would get burned. He also added that he asked Francis for a rake with which to dig out the burning straw and bucket out, and was told by defendant that there was one in the chicken yard. He could not find the rake, however, and ceased to take any further active interest in the fire until he went into the front of the house, and, seeing three fires in the right-hand bedroom, tried to find a bucket with

which to put the fire out. At that time his mother, sister and Mrs. Henderson were standing out on the front porch.

Deputy District Attorney Dupuy questioned Johnny very closely as to his every action at the fire, but the defendant's counsel objected to following the boy's every step, and he was thereupon turned over for cross-examination.

He said he met McCann coming in at the front gate, as he left with his sister to summon their father. This was some time after they first saw the fire. Their attention was attracted to the fire by seeing a small light, such as might be thrown from a fireplace. An effort was made to entangle the youngster by defendant's counsel, but Johnny was equal to the emergency, and stuck manfully to his story. He did not see any sewing machine near the gate nor was there a trunk in the hallway when he got there. He admitted that his mother and Mrs. Henderson talked the matter over in the presence of his sister, brother and himself the day after the fire, and that they had talked down a few weeks since that and talked about it. The reward was mentioned, but McCann did not promise to give him or any of his friends or relatives a part of it. McCann said upon one of these visits that it would be a good thing to get the reward, and that he had heard that Francis was suspected of setting fire to his house when Justice McCann and Constable Lytle were at his mother's house, summoning the family to appear as witnesses in the former's court, after the defendant had been arrested.

Upon direct examination, Johnny stated that Lytle served them all with papers summoning them to court upon the occasion he referred to. He never, at any time, talked with either Justice McCann or Constable Lytle about what he knew of the case; nor did his father, sister or brother ever talk with him at any time suggest to him what he should say.

J. V. Wechtel was recalled at this juncture, and stated that, in addition to the mortgage he referred to yesterday, the bank held a policy of insurance in the Guaranty Assurance company, which was produced and introduced in evidence.

Willie McCann, a bright lad, was the next witness called. He corroborated the preceding witness as to the two fires. He did not go into the front room, however, with the witness, but the second room on the left of the hall. He saw both the sewing-machine and trunk outside when he got there. He crossed over to a closet in this left-hand room to investigate a small fire which he saw there, his attention being attracted by a blaze. There was a trunk in the closet, and when he reached the floor near by, Francis, at witness's request, went out and got a hose; but, as this was not long enough for the purpose, witness took a pitcher, and while Francis held the hose, threw water up onto the flames, extinguishing them.

Defendant's counsel then called attention to a lamp which had been upon the floor in the southeast corner of the room. There was no fire around it. After throwing the water on the blaze in the closet, witness left the house and went home. Regarding the second fire, witness stated that when he reached the scene the roof of the house was ablaze. There was a large crowd present, and Francis was receiving the condolence of his neighbors on the opposite side of the street.

A recess was declared, at this juncture, until 2 o'clock, and upon reconvening at that hour, Willie McCann was cross-examined, but no new facts were developed, and William Sellingscheidt, a German carpenter, was called to the stand. He claimed to be one of the first men on the scene at the first fire, and testified, as at the preliminary examination, having seen a man coming of the house with Francis, after the crowd had gone, and broken open the frame of the closet in the left-hand bedroom with an axe, in order to get at the fire which he felt within.

Joseph Pugh, a cement contractor, who resided within a block of the Francis house, was then called, and proved to be an entirely new witness.

He testified to the effect that upon hearing female voices shouting "fire," he arose, dressed and ran down to the Francis residence. He did not go in, but went round to the rear. As he passed the front of the house, however, he noticed the glow of a blaze in the front room on the right, through the window. McCann was drawing water from a faucet when he reached the rear, and Francis was standing close behind him. Witness asked Francis where the hose was, and saw a defendant and a number of others doing all they could to save the barn and other things, and he assisted Francis and a neighbor to move some wooden sidewalks.

James B. Murphy, the postmaster at Pico Heights, testified to being awakened by Justice McCann, who tapped on his window and told him to get up. He got up and went over to the Francis house, but did not go inside the fence, and after standing around for awhile returned home. He saw Francis, but did not speak to him. Upon going back to the second fire witness assisted in saving a piece of carpet, which had evidently been thrown out of a side window, and saw several articles strewn upon the grass lawn. When talking to defendant about the fire afterward, Francis said: "It was kind of rough on a fellow to lose his home."

Francis and Orin M. Woodruff testified that they did not turn out at the first alarm, but assisted in carrying some bureau drawers and other effects from the burning house to the barn at the second fire. At that time Francis called their attention to the fact that there was a trail of straw from the barn to the house.

Raymond Sloan, a youth about 20 years of age, stated that he was awakened by shouts, and ran down to the rear of the defendant's house, where he had seen a blaze, but found that it had been extinguished. He saw three other fires beside; however, only one in each of the front rooms and one in the kitchen. Shortly after his return home, while he was sitting in his room, he heard pistol shots, and again went out. The roof of defendant's house was then on fire, and he saw Mr. and Mrs. Francis and a Mr. Baker trying to put it out with a garden hose. All of them subsequently tried to save some of the furniture, and he saw Francis carrying out a drawer.

Upon cross-examination he stated that both Francis and his wife were very much excited, and that the defendant did all he could under the circumstances to save the property.

At the close of the testimony court adjourned for the day, the matter going over until 10 o'clock on Monday morning.

Judge Smith yesterday morning arraigned S. A. Carlsile upon the charge

of having assaulted Mrs. M. E. Roberts with a deadly weapon on February 26 last. His counsel, H. T. Gage and J. M. Brooks, Esq., thereupon presented a demurrer to the information, which matter was by the court taken under advisement.

COURT NOTES.

The Usual Routine Civil Business in the Several Departments.

Upon motion of the District Attorney, informations were filed in Department One yesterday morning, charging Robert Mayne with having committed an assault with intent to murder, and James McCartney with burglary; and the court set the arraignment of both defendants for Monday next.

The trial of the case of D. W. Field, administrator, vs. M. Andra et al., an action to quiet title to 160 acres of land, was concluded in Department Four yesterday, the jury, whom the matter was submitted upon special issues, finding for the plaintiff therein.

Frederick William White, a native of Canada, was duly admitted to citizenship of the United States by Judge Clark yesterday upon producing the necessary proofs of renunciation here and taking the necessary oaths of renunciation and allegiance.

Judge Van Dyke being occupied in the trial of the Field-Andra case yesterday morning, continued that of the Ewing divorce case until April 7 next.

The case of E. J. Baldwin vs. the Sierra Madre Water Company was continued for argument until April 29 by Judge Shaw yesterday morning.

The case of Annie E. May vs. Julius Lyons et al., an action on street assessment, came up for hearing before Judge Shaw yesterday morning, but was submitted upon documentary evidence and by the court taken under advisement.

The application of R. H. Myers for admission to practice in the Superior Court was referred by Judge Shaw yesterday morning to the committee of the bar upon the examination of applicants, upon motion of G. R. Dubois, Esq. Judge McKinley tried the case of E. H. Kincaid et al. vs. J. G. Nichols et al., an action to quiet title to fifteen acres of land on the corner of Pico and Grasshopper streets, and ordered a decree in favor of the plaintiff therein, as prayed for.

Among the documents filed with the County Clerk yesterday were the preliminary papers in the following new cases:

Petition of F. M. Kelsey for letters of administration to the estate of J. W. Meisger, deceased, who died recently, leaving personal property valued at \$80.

Petition of Ada C. Smith for letters of administration to the estate of William A. Cochran, deceased, who died on September 14, 1892, leaving real and personal property valued at \$2500.

Charlotte D. Jerome vs. John B. Niles et al.; suit to foreclose a mortgage on four lots in block 2 of the Sabich tract for \$1500.

W. H. L. Cowan vs. George W. Maxwell; suit to rescind a contract.

JACOBY BROS.

One of the Largest Clothing Establishments on the Coast.

The Spring Opening Yesterday Attended by Large Crowds—The Handsome Store-rooms Thronged During the Entire Day.

Few people have an adequate conception of the amount of business done at the present time by the different retail stores in this city. It is true Los Angeles has grown wonderfully in the last few years, but it is also true that the business houses have kept up with the procession. Particularly is this the case with the firm of Jacoby Bros.

From a comparatively small beginning they have expanded into the largest retail clothing and shoe house on the Pacific Coast. This seems like exaggeration, but it is strictly true, as a trip through their extensive establishment will demonstrate to the satisfaction of the most doubting observer. Their spring opening yesterday drew large crowds. The entire building was decorated with palms, evergreens and other plants and flowers, while from a recess almost hidden from view, issued the strains of orchestral music. This was kept up from 9 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 at night, and every visitor before leaving was presented with a souvenir.

The Jacoby company occupies the entire building Nos. 128, 130, 132 and 134 North Spring street. The structure is a modern one, having been built expressly for this firm, and consists of two stories and a basement. The same firm also occupy a connecting store fronting on Main street, which is used as a wholesale establishment, from which it is always easy to replenish the stocks often as their large retail business demands it.

On the first floor of this modern business house the stocks of shoes and men's garments and furnishing goods are kept. On the second floor, which is connected by a late patent McNeill electric elevator, guaranteed by the makers to be perfectly safe, is the boys' clothing department. This is a handsomely carpeted room, about 700 feet, filled with a well-kept stock of boys' wearing apparel. Luxurious lounges, plate-glass mirrors and other conveniences abound. The room seems especially fitted for the reception of ladies.

In the basement is kept the reserve stock of shoes, case being piled upon case, from floor to ceiling.

Taken all in all, the entire floor space occupied by this firm amounts to within a fraction of 38,000 square feet, every bit of available room being occupied with merchandise. That the people of Los Angeles appreciate the value of a section exhibited by Messrs. Jacoby Bros. is shown by the heavy and constantly-increasing patronage enjoyed by this firm.

A Pan-American Congress.

The first Pan-American Congress, to be held in Washington September 8 to 18, will be a notable gathering of learned men. There will be delegates from every country in the world, and the questions of all branches of medicine and surgery will be discussed. Dr. H. S. Orme of this city, who is a member of the advisory council, has received a section announcement of the congress, giving lists of delegates and much information.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value, and is constantly used by the medical profession. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Send for a copy of the book, prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle.

GRANDFIELD REGULATOR COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Sold by all Druggists.

Parisian Cloak & Suit

COMPANY,

221 S. Spring St.

HAVE ARRANGED FOR

"Easter Week"

That the ordinary bargains will cease to be bargains when compared with the values we shall give during this week.

Partake of This Feast of Royal Values!

Ladies' Suits:

—Eton and Blazer effects in navy and gray repellants, Easter week \$3.98

—Blazer Suits of all-wool twill flannel..... 6.98

Ladies' Waists:

—Light colored Prints, pleated fronts, Easter week 39c

—Black saten knife-pleated front, collar and cuffs, Easter week 69c

Ladies' Wrappers:

—Flannelette, beautifully made, Watteau back, Easter week 98c

—Best grade flannelette, Watteau back, price \$1.39

Ladies' Jackets:

—Plain tan Reefers, bishop sleeves, Easter week \$2.98

—Blazers in tan and navy, Easter week 2.98

Ladies' Triple Capes:

—Of tan, black and navy all-wool cloths, Easter week \$2.48

—The same as above, neatly braided, Easter week 3.98

Glove Department:

—We are now in a position to show all Spring Shades in "JOUVIN" GLOVES, as well as the "KAYSER" patent finger tip Silk Gloves.

Silk Department:

—Just received another consignment of CRYSTAL SILKS in evening shades for Easter week at 49c; and Cheney Bros.' India Silks for this week, 87c.

"Santa Monica Tract!"

\$100 PER LOT!

\$25.00 DOWN!

\$10.00 PER MONTH!

Without Interest.

Three Cottages Now Building Given Away!

Hanna & Webb

General Agents,

204 South Spring-st., Los Angeles, Cal.

Or at our Branch Office, Postoffice Block, Santa Monica.

McDONALD & BROOKS, Pasadena Agents.

ABBOT KINNEY, Owners.

F. G. RYAN,

Jacobcy Brothers

Jacobcy Brothers



Easter Demands New Dress!

—We offer bounteous riches of worth in the best Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Furnishings, built at a cost condensed into the smallest of figures by shrewd buying, close cut expenses and generous selling.—

Did you attend our formal Souvenir Spring Opening yesterday?

If so, you saw a larger crowd of people than was ever assembled beneath any one roof of any outfitting establishment on this Coast. Many thousands came miles to testify their appreciation of our efforts in giving the people of Southern California the largest stock and most commodious quarters west of Chicago.



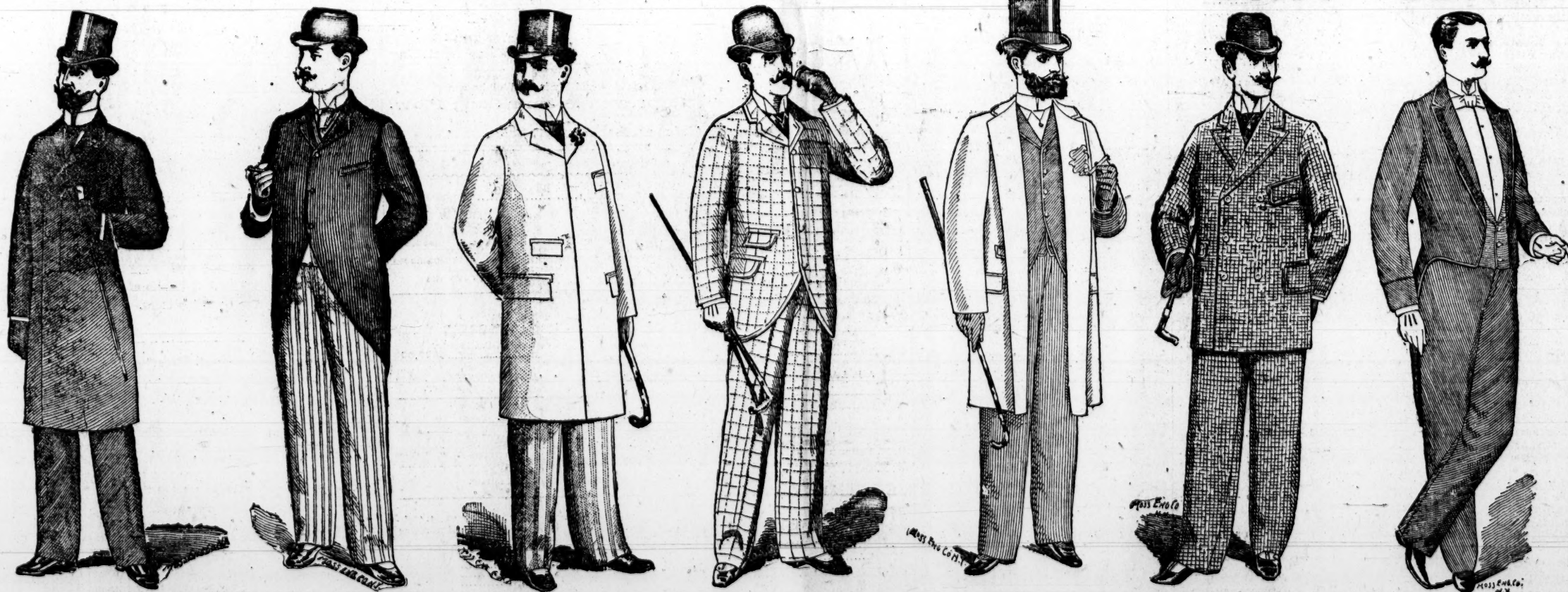
Our Business the Past Year Has Been a Success Beyond all Precedent.

But we do not propose to rest on our oars, hug our grand reputation to our bosom, and depend upon our glorious past to carry us into the future. We shall strive upon our merits to add new laurels and utilize our capital, brains, push and energy to surpass all our past efforts. Our line of

Spring Clothing, Hats, Shoes and "Fixings"

Is complete. You have over a quarter of a million dollar stock to select from, suitable for the clergyman, the professional man, the banker, the merchant, the mechanic, the laborer, the clerk, in all grades that are reliable. Our line of SPRING OVERCOATS is a marvel of perfection and beauty. Prices range from

\$5.00 to \$25.00.



Our Line of Suits in single-breasted and double-breasted Prince Alberts, one, two and three button Cutaway Frocks, single-breasted Sacks (round and square corners,) double-breasted Sacks, made up from Clays, Fancy and Figured Worsteds, Scotch Tweeds, Cheviots, Serges, Bannockburns, Cassimeres, etc., in solid colors, neat mixtures, stripes, pin-head checks, small plaids and kindred effects, bound, flat or round, single or double stitched edge, raw or corded edge, ranging in price from \$5 to \$30. Trousers in all qualities; over 300 distinct styles and patterns to select from, to fit the tall or short, fat or lean man, at all prices. Full Dress Suits—perfect fitting, made of the best materials, richly lined, cut in the very pink of fashion and tailored perfectly, all sizes, at our usual low prices.

Good and Sufficient Reasons Why You Should Supply Your Needs at Our Store.—We now manufacture the bulk of our clothing, under the personal supervision of one of our firm. Every garment is perfectly cut, strongly sewed, handsomely trimmed, elegantly finished by skillful tailors, and when completed, thoroughly examined to guard against imperfections, thus bringing our clothing on a par with merchant tailor work. Our business, based upon the cash principle, combined with our great output, enables us at all times to place our clothing in the hands of our customers beyond the reach of competition. We stand back of every sale we make. You take no chances dealing here. Every garment we sell is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Purchases not entirely satisfactory can, if promptly returned, be exchanged for other goods, or the money, at the option of the customer. Our stock of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Garments is larger in quantity and greater in extent of variety than carried by any other two houses combined in this State, hence in making your selections it becomes a pleasure rather than a task. We do not deal in subterfuges, myths or imagination—we publish facts. We do not abuse confidence. Patrons will at all times find here exactly that which is advertised. These, and many more reasons are why you should make your trading headquarters here.

Our Juvenile Department, the pride of the house, the largest and handsomest in America. Boys' Spring Overcoats, Reefers, Reefer Suits, Universal Suits, Columbus Suits, Kilt Suits, Junior Suits, in the following styles: Eastlake, Oxford, Chelsea, Eastern, Dell, Crown, Hero, Ideal, Climax. Boys' Double-breasted Suits, Single-breasted Suits; plain, corded and pleated fronts and backs, every conceivable fabric, in dark, medium and light colors—price, \$1.50 to \$15.

Buying and selling for cash, doing a larger volume of business and carrying by far the largest stock of Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes, and Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods of any firm in the Far West, we are in a position to save you dollars where our less fortunate would-be competitors could not save you a dime.

WHOLESALE HOUSE:

123-125 NORTH MAIN STREET, : LOS ANGELES.

San Francisco Office: 30 Second St.

Jacobcy Brothers

NEW YORK OFFICE AND TAILOR SHOPS:

111-113 BLEECKER ST.

Boston Office: 105 Bedford Street.

Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Shoers of the Pacific Coast!

RETAIL STORES: 128, 130, 132 and 134 NORTH SPRING STREET.

TWELFTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1893.

PRICE: SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS BY THE WEEK, 30 CENTS.

GREAT SHIPS.

The World's Fair Great Naval Parade.

The International Display of Warships in New York Bay.

Arrangements for the Event—Rear Admiral Gherardi's Task.

The Vessels to Be There—From Hampton Roads to New York—Bunting, Tars and Myriads of Spectators.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

New York, March 27.—On April 27 will take place, in the waters of New York Harbor, a naval review which promises to be the greatest event in the way of marine parades that navigators have ever planned, and one that only a country on friendly terms with all sister



Rear Admiral Walker.

nations could carry out. It will mark an epoch in international friendship that would have been impossible a score of years ago, and might still have seemed only a hope for future realization had not the Republic, which is the greatest nation on the continent Columbus discovered, taught older powers the secret of peace.

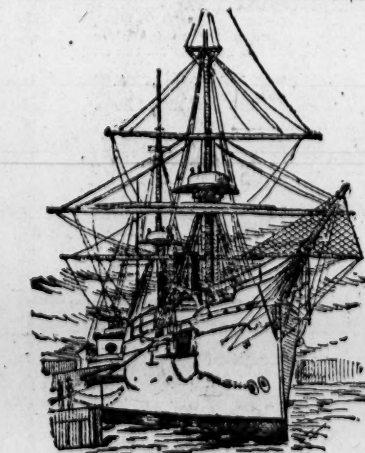
As the arrangements are now made, there will be in the fleet that will be commanded by Admiral Gherardi, the ranking naval officer in the United States, about forty vessels, representing nearly every different style of fighting



Rear Admiral Gherardi.

craft on the seas. Of these, 14 will fly the American flag; probably 8, the Union Jack; 4, the tri-color of France; 4, the flag of Italy; 2, that of Germany; 1 of Holland, and 4 of Russia. Other countries will be suitably represented, and each will do her best to outdo the others in presenting to the eyes of naval officers from all over the world the best and strongest ship.

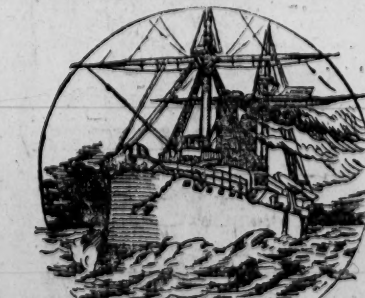
The review will be of unusual interest on account of being the first great event of its kind under the direct supervision of the American Government,



Chicago.

and because it will offer to the "new navy" an opportunity to show, by comparison, its value in possible future conflicts. It will be of additional interest because international naval reviews are of rare occurrence, and from the fact that every landman looks upon a warship in much the same reverential way as heathen regard their idols.

New York has had four big naval parades in recent years, but none has

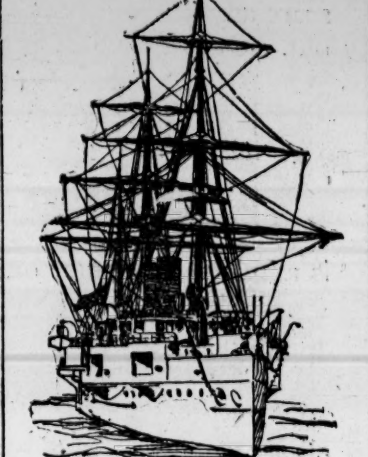


Atlanta.

been international in scope. One of these was at the completion and opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. The next was at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty. The third took place on the occasion of the Washington centennial, and the fourth on October 11, 1892, on Columbus day. Not one of these dem-

onstrations, however, is comparable in splendor and magnificence to the great pageant which will take place on April 27, in commemoration of that glorious achievement, the discovery of the new world.

The rendezvous for all the ships will be at Hampton Roads, at which point fourteen American vessels have been



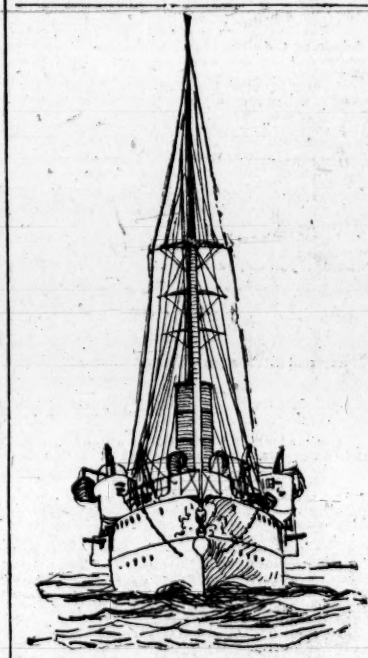
Newark.

ordered to report on April 17. The following are the ships of the United States Navy that have been ordered to take part:

Philadelphia, first-class cruiser, Captain A. S. Barker, 28 guns.

Baltimore, first-class cruiser, 24 guns.

Chicago, first-class cruiser, Captain Y. S. McGlensy, 27 guns.



Yorktown.

San Francisco, first-class cruiser, Captain C. Watson, 28 guns.

Atlanta, first-class cruiser, 20 guns.

Bennington, gunboat, Commander R. Bradford.

Dolphin, gunboat, Commander B. H. Buckingham, 9 guns.

Newark, first-class cruiser, Captain S. Casey, 28 guns.

Vesuvius, torpedo cruiser, Lieutenant Seaton Schroeder.

Yorktown, gunboat, Commander S. White, 14 guns.

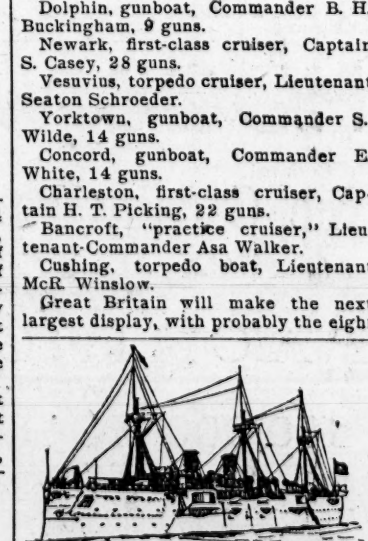
Concord, gunboat, Commander E. White, 14 guns.

Charleston, first-class cruiser, Captain H. T. Picking, 22 guns.

Bancroft, "practice cruiser," Lieutenant-Commander Asa Walker.

Cushing, torpedo boat, Lieutenant M. Winslow.

Great Britain will make the next largest display, with probably the eight



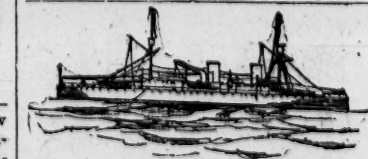
Philadelphia.

ships of her squadron now in North American waters. The squadron will be in command of Vice-Admiral Sir J. C. Hopkins, K.C.B., whose flagship is the first-class cruiser Blake, one of Great Britain's fastest ships. The English ships that will probably be present are as follows:

Blake, first-class cruiser, Captain W. V. Hamilton, 38 guns.

Buzzard, sloop of war, Commander T. B. Hay, 10 guns.

Canada, second-class cruiser, Captain W. Wilson, 18 guns.



Giovanni Bausau.

Cleopatra, third-class cruiser, Captain Carson Howe, 24 guns.

Marguerite, second-class cruiser, Captain V. P. Phipps, 20 guns.

Mohawk, third-class cruiser, Commander H. H. Bayly, 17 guns.

Partridge, first-class gunboat, Lieutenant Commander McAllister, 10 guns.

Tartar, third-class cruiser, Commander H. L. Fleet, 10 guns.

Other celebrated foreign vessels that it has been indicated will be present are the French flagship L'Aréthuse,



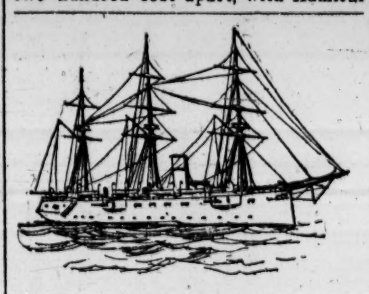
Vesuvius.

Admiral Tebrun in command; the Italian cruiser Giovanni Bausau, and the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel.

From April 17 until April 24, when the fleet will start to New York, the foreign officers will be royally entertained at Hampton Roads and will meet prominent Washington officials who will not be at the review in New York. Early on the morning of April 24 the fleet of forty vessels will leave Hampton

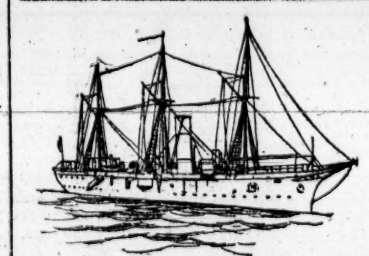
Roads and will proceed at a slow rate of speed to Sandy Hook, where it will anchor until the morning of April 27. Shortly after sunrise on the day of the review the line will be formed in Gravesend Bay, with all the ships drawn up at anchor in the positions they are to occupy. The scene will be a pretty maneuvering as has ever taken place at sea, and will be easily witnessed from Gravesend, Bath Beach and Fort Hamilton.

At the head of the column on the port side will be all the American ships, about two hundred feet apart, with Admiral



Infanta Isabel.

Gherardi's flagship, the Philadelphia, in the lead. In another column, 200 yards away on the starboard side, will be the foreign vessels, with the British cruiser Blake ahead. All these vessels will be trimmed with the brightest of bunting, and festoons of gay-colored flags draped from the masts and rigging. Sailors in their white canvas suits will be plainly seen from shore, waiting to obey the commands of brightly-uniformed

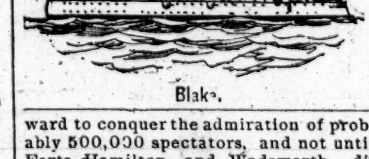


Mohawk.

officers, and not one thing will be left undone by the representatives of every power present to make her squadron the most attractive in the eyes of the spectators.

The command to start will be given from the Philadelphia by use of the code of flag signals. As the vessels move about New York harbor, the most formidable fleet ever assembled in times of peace will move forward to conquer the admiration of probably 500,000 spectators, and not until Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth, directly opposite each other on the Narrows, are reached will there be a sound other than the noise of engines to indicate that the great pageant is moving.

Just as the Philadelphia pokes her nose between the two forts, however, the first of a salute of twenty-one guns will be fired from Fort Hamilton, and



Blake.

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San Francisco.

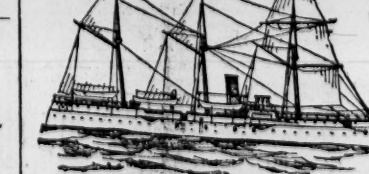
Fort Wadsworth will follow with a like salute, it being arranged that the respective batteries will alternate. Then the Philadelphia will respond, the other men-of-war will join in the imaginary engagement, and for nearly half an hour there will be the effect of a bombardment such as if the navies of the



Kearsarge.

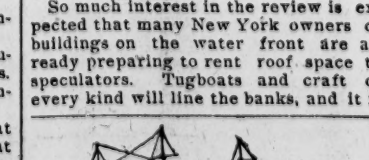
world were united in an effort to destroy Gibraltar. Again, when Governor's Island is reached, the batteries on shore and aboard ship will belch forth, and from that time while the parade is passing up the Hudson, until it reaches the turning point opposite the Grant monument in Riverside Park, there will be a continuous cannonade in which the batteries of all the vessels will take part.

So much interest in the review is expected that many New York owners of buildings on the water front are already preparing to rent roof space to spectators. Tugboats and craft of every kind will line the banks, and it is



Bancroft.

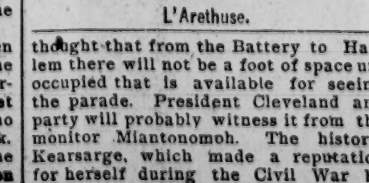
thought that from the Battery to Harlem there will not be a foot of space unoccupied that is available for seeing the parade. President Cleveland and party will probably witness it from the monitor Miantonomah. The historic Kearsarge, which made a reputation for herself during the Civil War by



L'Aréthuse.

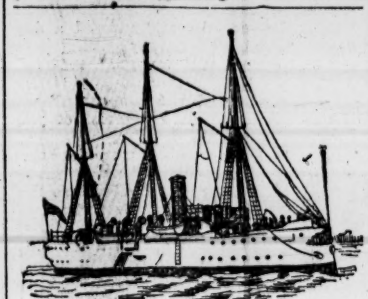
these, the Adobe Palace, has been used as the "executive" mansion since the first Governor and Captain General, Juan de Otermín, occupied it in 1880; while the cathedral, built in 1761, is now rapidly crumbling away, and will soon be replaced by a modern stone building.

Another interesting ecclesiastical edifice is the Church of San Miguel, erected in the sixteenth century, but destroyed during the Pueblo revolution of 1800, and rebuilt in 1710. Close to this structure stands a house generally recognized as the "oldest in the United States." It was built before the Spanish conquest, and it is traditionally reported that Coronado lodged in it in 1540.



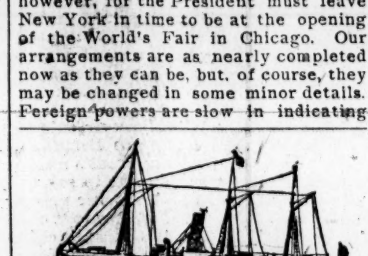
fighting and sinking the Alabama off the coast of Cherbourg, in the English Channel, will also be used as a receiving ship.

The credit for making arrangements for the review, and the praise or blame for its success or failure will belong to Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi. He entered the navy as a midshipman from Massachusetts, on June 24, 1849, and went into the war as lieutenant commander. He will retire within a short time, and, as there is no prospect of war to give an opportunity of adding to his glory, he has set his heart on making the review the crowning act of a successful commander in a time of peace. "The only thing of which I am



Concord.

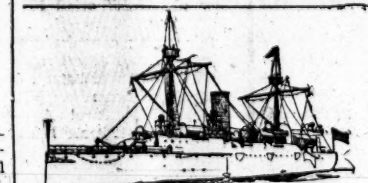
afraid," he said to me the other day speaking of the coming review, "is this treacherous New York weather. There is likely to be a fog that will make maneuvering difficult and dangerous, as well as uninteresting to spectators. There can be no postponement, however, for the President must leave New York in time to be at the opening of the World's Fair in Chicago. Our arrangements are as nearly completed now as they can be, but, of course, they may be changed in some minor details. Foreign powers are slow in indicating



Dolphin.

what vessels they will send, because, naturally, no nation wants to be outdone by another, and, as in war, it is policy to keep secret your strength, so other nations do not care to make known the display they will make."

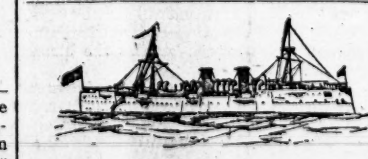
Admiral Gherardi will entertain the foreign officers on board the Philadelphia in true navy style, and is trusting to New York city to do her part toward sustaining her reputation as the second



Charleston.

maritime city of the world. He says the greater part of the Congressional appropriation of \$300,000 will be needed to defray the expenses outside of entertaining.

The fear has been expressed by some officials of the navy that Vice-Admiral Hopkins, who will represent the British government, will protest against obeying the commands of Rear-Admiral Gherardi, on account of being superior



Baltimore.

to him in rank. The United States Government has abolished the ranks of vice-admiral and admiral, and some officers believed it would be necessary to re-create a rank above that of rear-admiral; but Secretary of the Navy Herbert, during his visit to New York, stated that nothing of the kind would be done. He intimated that an American rear-admiral was just as high in rank as an English vice-admiral, and



Miantonomah.

that naval courtesy would have to adjust itself to the conditions.

Admiral Gherardi's most active assistants in preparing for the review are Acting Rear-Admiral Walker and Capt. Bridgman.

J. W. STAVENSON.
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OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA.

It is Built of Adobe and Stands in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

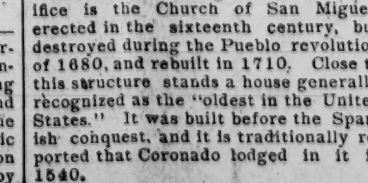
[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Down in old Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, the oldest seat of civil and religious government on American soil, there exists many remains of buildings erected by the old Spanish conquerors of the country. One of



these, the Adobe Palace, has been used as the "executive" mansion since the first Governor and Captain General, Juan de Otermín, occupied it in 1880; while the cathedral, built in 1761, is now rapidly crumbling away, and will soon be replaced by a modern stone building.

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THE OVEN.

The Great Mormon Temple of Utah.

Story of the Remarkable Building to Be Dedicated This Week.

Struggles of the Early Followers of Mormonism.

And the Desires of the Present Leaders of This Religious Sect—Beginning of the Temple—Forty Years' Work.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 28.—An event that marks the completion of a work of forty years—work in which is centered the hopes, the love and the veneration of many thousands of people will be celebrated the 6th day of April, at Salt Lake City, when the great Mormon Temple will be completed and formally dedicated to the uses of this peculiar religious sect.

THE MORMON EXODUS FROM NAUVOO.

In 1846 the Mormons were forced to leave Nauvoo, Ill., and seek to the westward, in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, beyond the boundaries of the United States, a home where they could worship God according to their peculiar beliefs. They had been driven out of Missouri in 1838 under many charges, the principal one of which was that they were abolitionists. From Missouri they went to Illinois, settled on the East bank of the Mississippi, and called the place Nauvoo; here they built a pretty town and began the erection of a temple, but they seem to have again fallen under the displeasure of their neighbors. They

were charged with all sorts of crimes and misdemeanors, though none of them seem ever to have been proven, and they were finally driven from the place. They were then driven to the West, and settled in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, beyond the boundaries of the United States, a home where they could worship God according to their peculiar beliefs. They had been driven out of Missouri in 1838 under many charges, the principal one of which was that they were abolitionists. From Missouri they went to Illinois, settled on the East bank of the Mississippi, and called the place Nauvoo; here they built a pretty town and began the erection of a temple, but they seem to have again fallen under the displeasure of their neighbors. They



The great Mormon Temple, Salt Lake City.

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THE ARRIVAL AT SALT LAKE.

It was July 24, 1847, nearly eighteen months after the exodus from Nauvoo, that a band of 146, the advance guard of the Mormon people, under the leadership of Brigham Young, who had succeeded Joseph Smith as president of the church, came through Emigrant Pass, in the Wasatch range, and beheld below the great inland sea, Salt Lake, and the sun-scorched hills of the wide valley rolling down to its blue waters.

On the shoulder of a foothill putting out from the Wasatch, in the most commanding spot, Brigham Young, as he smote the ground with his cane, said: "Here we will build the temple of our God." They were then in Mexican territory, but it became a part of the United States shortly afterward by the terms of the settlement of the question that caused the Mexican war.

The Mormons had come to the valley very poor. The first question was to

Tucker act to control the escheated property of the church and a seizure of the temple was made, it was in the possession of the receiver for a short time.

LEGEND OF THE ANGEL "MARONI."

The exterior of the temple was completed and the capstone laid June 6, 1892, the thirty-ninth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone. The ceremonies were attended by over 50,000 people. A copper plate, inscribed with historical data, various church publications, photographs, etc., were laid in the capstone.

It was surmounted by a figure representing the angel "Maroni," a statue twelve feet in height, of hammered copper, plated with heavy gold leaf; it stands 222 feet above the earth, and is indeed a most graceful and pretty object, holding to its lips a golden trumpet, through which is being sounded the glad tidings of "the Latter Day Saints" to the people of the earth. The angel "Maroni," according to the Mormon belief, appeared and revealed to Joseph Smith the hiding place of the golden tablets, on which is inscribed the Book of Mormon. This statue, as seen from the street, is a most fitting crown to the grand architectural lines on which the temple is built.

Before proceeding to a description of the interior, just now completed, it would be well to give the dimensions of this crowning architectural effort of the "Latter Day Saints."

Its whole length is 186 feet and width 99 feet. There are six towers, three on the east and three on the west end of the structure. Total height to top of highest spire, 222½ feet; height of walls, 167½ feet; thickness of walls at bottom, 9 feet; thickness of



The Eagle Gate, Salt Lake City: Brigham Young's house at the left.

live. They were in the midst of a desert, but they went bravely and patiently to work, digging ditches to bring the streams that flowed down the mountains, fed by the eternal snows of the high ranges, and turn their waters into the parched earth. The touch of water was like that of a magic wand on this thirsty soil, making it wonderfully productive.

Across the long marches, 1500 miles from their old home on the east bank of the Mississippi, in their pinching poverty, came the struggling Mormons. They settled on the desolate lands; grains, vegetables and fruit sprung up as if by magic, and under the matchless executive ability of Brigham Young, though isolated from all communities, they became prosperous and self-sustaining.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TEMPLE AND THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

It was the 14th of February, 1853, that the beginning was made on the

temple suggested by President Young. And on June 6, 1853, the corner stone was laid with impressive ceremonies.

The building was constructed of the most used was "adobe" (sun dried bricks.) At Red Butte Cañon, close to the city, a red sandstone was found, and of this and "adobe" it was decided to build the temple; but before the foundation was begun a very desirable stone, a gray granite, was discovered at Cotton Cañon, twenty miles south of Salt Lake City, and this stone was chosen. The work has proceeded slowly and steadily for over forty years. Of late years, since a railway was built southward from Salt Lake, the work has been more rapid. Previous to the building of the road each of the great rocks of granite had to be hauled twenty miles with oxen and carts, and it often required four days to get one stone from the quarries to the temple. Four, six or eight oxen, drawing a cart under which was swinging a block of granite weighing many tons, was a familiar sight on the streets of Salt Lake City for over a quarter of a century, during which time the work, necessarily, proceeded very slowly, but it did proceed with few interruptions.

In 1857, when Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army was approaching Salt Lake for the alleged purpose of subduing traitorous insubordination to the Government on the part of the Mormons, the people, thinking the scenes of their expulsion from Missouri, and from Illinois, were to be repeated, deserted their homes and took refuge in the mountains, leaving only enough men to burn and destroy the city; for they determined that Johnston's army should be greeted by a smoking desert. Actual war was avoided, and the people returning to their homes, work was again resumed on the temple.

There were brief interruptions when trouble threatened the people from grasshopper invasions. And again in 1869 and '70, when the great transcontinental railway was being constructed, and all of the available force of Mormons was employed in this great work; and still again when the receiver was appointed under the Edmunds-

band. The prevailing colors throughout the interior are blue and white, with such an artistic blending of subduing tints that nowhere is there the unpleasant suggestion of dazzling brightness.

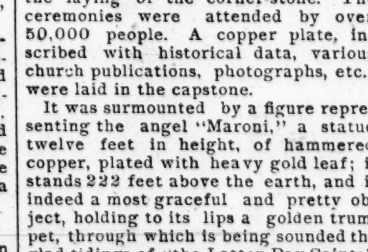
There are three floors above the basement; the first and second are divided into rooms large and small, in which the rites and ceremonies of the church will take place—marriages, the endowment and other secret ceremonies, on which, I, of course, could not be enlightened. All of these rooms are very beautiful indeed. A large room on the north side is a dream of beauty. The decorations of this room will surely compare with anything on this continent, if not in the world.

The upper floor consists of one large room, as does the basement. It is 120 by 80 feet, and 36 feet to the ceiling. A gallery of graceful sweep encircles the room, and the seating capacity, including the gallery, is over three thousand persons. The gallery is railed with bronze, and has hand-carved decorations. The ceilings are artistically paneled and encircled by a frescoed frieze. There are innumerable permanent lights and five large ornamental chandeliers.

A noticeable feature is the permanent washbasins of delicately-tinted native onyx, with appropriately pretty plumbing fixtures, which are seen in all parts of the building. The hardware of the temple is made to order, and is ornamented with either the beehive or the clasped hands, the symbols of the church, in connection with the motto, "Holiness to the Lord."

In the basement the knobs, hinges, etc., are of brass. On the first floor they are of plated gold, on the second of plated silver, and on the third of silver and the fourth of old bronze.

For much information and for many courtesies I am indebted to Charles S. Burton, manager of the Salt Lake the-



Wilfred Woodruff, President of the Mormon Church.

ater. He is a son-in-law of the late President Brigham Young. Said Mr. Burton:

"As the day approaches for the dedication of the temple, our people are taking the most intense interest. It is not alone the completion of a forty years' labor of love, and the possession of one of the great buildings of the world, but it is to them the realization of over half a century of longing and desire to build a temple to their God. This temple occupies the place of the temple of the headquarters of the church, and it is the heart of every Mormon goes out in pride and love. With its completion also, has come to our people a feeling that they are becoming understood, instead of being misunderstood and misrepresented, as has been their fate for the past half century. Every obstacle that has barred the way to the recognition of the Mormon Church as entitled to the same rights and privileges as all other religious denominations, has been obliterated. Polygamy no longer exists. The law against a strictly obeyed by our people. I think there is no doubt that the vast amount of money and property escheated from the church will be returned. Though the trials of our people have at times seemed more than we could bear, our faith teaches us to forgive and forget. You see us today, Mormon and anti-Mormon, working hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, to build up here in this great interior basin a great State, a fine city. No one can tell the difference between Mormon and Gentile; each is striving to outdo the other in good citizenship."

JOHN MARTIN.

Alabama is Progressing.

[New York Advertiser.]

The dispatches told the other day of the quiet and orderly lynching of a negro in Alabama. This is the dawn of Southern civilization. When a few hundred citizens can gather in an orderly, reverent spirit, and, without reference to courts or forms of justice, hang an accused negro and then disperse in a sedate manner, much has been gained. Hitherto the wild hilarity and fiendish delight which marked the burning and hanging of negroes in the South have been the deplorable feature of our barbarism. Alabama is leading in progress.

About the Size of It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Most of the reputation Cleveland enjoys as an anti-machine statesman grows out of the circumstance that he insists on being the machinist.

AUTHORS AND READERS.

Kipling Introduces the Game of Golf into Vermont.

J. M. Harris Forwards Literature for the Drama.—Prof. Drummond Will Lecture in Boston This Month.—New Plays and Books.

Specialty Contributed to The Times.

The new edition of the translation by the late Thomas William Parsons of Dante's "Inferno," "Purgatorio" and a portion of the "Paradiso" is soon to be published. This is gratifying to those who care for good literature, for Dr. Parsons' translations were done with a skill that gave them a unique place among the English versions of Dante. Dr. Parsons brought to his task a poetic faculty that never won the recognition it deserved. He was altogether one of the most gifted of our American poets. I remember hearing a Boston literary man say a few years ago after reading a poem written by Dr. Parsons in honor of one of the many birthdays of his friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that Parsons, in his judgment, deserved to rank higher than Holmes himself. This is a good example of the way in which Dr. Parsons was regarded by those who knew him best. Unfortunately, his reputation hardly extended beyond his little circle of admirers in Boston. This was due in part to the poet's characteristic shyness and reserve. He seemed to care very little for publicity or for fame. I remember asking one of the members of his family, by he preferred to publish his new poems in the Boston newspapers instead of in one of the leading magazines, any of which would be glad to receive them. "Oh," she replied, "that is because he wants his poems to appear at once so that his friends may enjoy them. He does not like to wait a long time before they appear, as he would have to do if he gave them to the magazines." In this way some of Dr. Parsons' finest verses made their first appearance in the Boston Post and the Boston Transcript. Both of these papers were frequent contributors, his work often appearing in the Post in the morning and in the Transcript in the evening. He has spent all of his life, with the exception of those few years during which he lived abroad, chiefly in his beloved Italy. I have consequently nearly all his personal friends to whom he was devotedly attached, were in his native city. It is my good fortune to have known him somewhat, and I shall never forget the charm of his kindly old-school manner and the interest that he took in every one and every thing pertaining to literature. He loved nature with the real passion of the poet. Many a time I have seen him prowling about in Boston Common, one of his favorite haunts, and standing a few moments here and there to admire some particular view or vista, or to catch his eye. I remember once while visiting his family at their summer home at Scituate, Mass., how he called us all out from the drawing-room one summer evening to admire a particularly beautiful star that he had just discovered. He was always doing such things. I have never heard of him being about to prepare a life of her brother, and I hope that the report is true.

Prof. Henry Drummond, whose little book "The Greatest Things in the World," had a sale of hundreds of thousands of copies a few years ago, and whose later books have won immense popularity, is coming to this country very soon to deliver a series of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston. This is Prof. Drummond's second visit to this country. During his first visit, a half dozen years ago, he made a profound impression on all who heard him speak. His style has been phenomenal, and he has almost started a new era in practical ethics. He is a man of fierce enthusiasm, with the long, lean frame, thin face and burning eyes of the conventional enthusiast. His stay in America will probably be a brief one, for the demands upon him in Scotland are very great.

"Why doesn't some one write a novel of Washington life?" said a Washington woman to me the other day. "It could not fail, it would do, to be a great success, both artistically and financially. There is no other country where there is greater play of forces, finer local color or more picturesque background than Washington. The inner working of political life there would furnish abundant material for a most dramatic and instructive novel, but yet no one has thus far succeeded in doing justice to it. Mr. Burnett has tried, but her 'Through One Administration' does not compare with 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' and other of her novels. Moreover, Mrs. Burnett was handicapped by her conspicuous presence at the Washington society. There are two kinds of society in Washington, the old Maryland society, which consists of those who have been born and who have lived all their lives in Washington, and the more transient set made up largely of those who have come to Washington in middle life, and have been connected with the city politically during one administration or more. Now Mrs. Burnett is a leader in political society, and for that reason she was unable to do full justice to the old Washington set. Washington, socially considered, is in itself a most extraordinary institution; it is full of strange human types, of ridiculous social forms and of all kinds of usages that would lend themselves to satire in fiction." I quote these remarks for the benefit of the coming American novelist, who may now be seeking the best field for his coming operations.

Speaking of Washington reminds me of a conversation that I had the other day with a prominent New York editor apropos of the inauguration. "It seems strange to me," he said, "that someone does not start a line of books on the capital. Such a publication devoted to both politics and literature ought to be located there. It would thus be in the midst of seething political activity and of the men who are making history, and who could be called upon personally for articles on subjects of vital importance to the country. In my opinion, moreover, Washington is destined to be the literary as well as the political center of the country. Boston is losing her literary prestige, and New York has plenty of glory through its commercial supremacy; it is only fitting that the most beautiful city in the country should be the center of the arts."

There is a notable tendency of late among literary workers to write for the stage. Two plays by Tennyson, "The Foresters" and "The Foresters," have been produced this winter, the first by Henry Irving, who, by the way, has recently bought a new play by Dr. A. Conan

Doyle, entitled "A Struggle of 13." Mr. Irving has given great encouragement to literary men to write for the stage. When J. M. Barrie finished "The Professor's Love Story" Mr. Irving accepted it, and would have produced it but for the pressure of other engagements. At the Theatre Francaise a play by Maupassant, "Le Pain du Menage," was recently produced. This was Maupassant's first attempt at dramatic work and was completed about two years ago. He will probably never write another play, or another story, for that matter, as his health is now said to be worse than at any time since the beginning of his illness. In this country Brander Mathews is doing as much as any of our prominent writers for the drama. He has already produced several plays, and he has others in manuscript which will probably be given in course of time.

Among the most notable books now in press are a new novel by Rider Haggard, "Montezuma's Daughter," the second part of Carroll's "Sylvia and Bruno," and Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Isle of Voices," and a collection of poems by J. D. Hosken, the English "Postman Poet." Mr. Hosken's history is a curious one; he is a postman by profession and writes verses in his leisure hours. These have attracted considerable attention and they have even won the approval of no less an authority than Mr. Gladstone, who recently announced that he intended to give Mr. Hosken a gift from the royal grant fund.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney is about to publish a new volume of poems, entitled "A Wayside Harp." This will be Miss Guiney's third collection of verse. It is a fine collection, and the other two will make even more secure than it is at present her position among the best of our young writers. Miss Guiney is essentially a "poet's poet," but in spite of this fact her work has won general recognition. Those who have read her contributions for the past ten years will be surprised to hear that she is still very young—it would be invidious to mention the exact number of her years. She has a great fondness for country life and lives with her mother in a delightful little place in Auburndale, a few miles out of Boston. She is a hard worker and a conscientious worker, and the country may be found at her desk in her "den," which is filled with books, photographs of literary celebrities and mementos of her friends, some of them of her friends in London, where she spent a couple of winters not long ago.

Mr. M. Clifford's story "Marie May," which was recently published by Messrs. Warne of London, was written and originally published in a religious magazine about sixteen years ago. Nine years ago Mrs. Clifford sold the copyright to the Warne, with the understanding that she was to publish it anonymously, but through an inadvertence, this condition was not put into the contract. It was published at the time, but no mention of the fact is made in the present edition. The Messrs. Warne have put it in an entirely new form, and have added a new preface, enough to the narrative of Mrs. Clifford. Unfortunately, Mrs. Clifford is unable to obtain legal redress, but the English newspapers have presented her case before the public and severely censured the Warne for their treatment of her, and for their practical deception of the public. The story is now being published in an enlarged edition of her Christmas story, "A Wild Proxy."

Mr. J. M. Barrie's recent success as a playwright is said to have caused him to turn his attention almost wholly from his novel writing and his literary friends to the stage and stage people. He is reported to be engaged to Miss May Ansell, who has one of the parts in a play Walker, London, now running at Toole's Theatre.

Mr. Robert McClure of London, who recently came to this country for a brief visit, brought with him a bundle of golf sticks for Lady and Kipling, which he forwarded to Kipling at Brattleboro. Mr. Kipling is fond of the game of golf and will probably lay out a golf rink on his own grounds on the Balesier farm. Golf is one of the most popular games in England, and many English writers, among them W. E. Norris and Andrew Lang, both of whom have written articles on the subject, are devoted to it. Mr. Kipling's introduction of the game into this country may possibly induce some of our American writers, many of whom are fond of sports, to take it up. I should not be surprised at any time to see a brief article on the game, the prince of literary sportsmen, was playing it at Sag Harbor.

Charles A. Dana, who has been placed at the head of a committee to secure a botanical garden for New York city, has a great love for gardens and flowers. This will surprise those who know him as an editor. Altogether, Mr. Dana is one of the most catholic in his tastes, and one of the most scholarly men in the country. A great historian and literature was lost when he entered journalism.

The libretto of the opera "Puritanism," by C. M. S. McLellan, is to be published shortly. It is one of the wittiest pieces of writing of its kind that has been done in this country. It has been executed in the best Gilbertian vein, and abounds in clever satire.

The second meeting of the Round Table, a club of New York writers for both men and women interested in literary pursuits, was held on the evening of the 15th. The subject of Hawaiian annexation was discussed by Dr. Titus Munson Coan and Mrs. B. F. Dillingham; both of whom have lived in the Sandwich Islands, and both of whom are advocates of the annexation. One of the editors of the Evening Post, who opposed it.

Laura Dearborn, the name on the title page of the "psychic novel," "At the Threshold," which has attracted wide attention since its publication a few weeks ago, is the pseudonym for Nina Picton. Miss Picton is a young New Orleans girl, a member of an old creole family, the sister of Edmond Picton, one of the younger New York editors. Miss Picton has lived in New York city for several years. She has a beautiful voice, and was for a long time the soprano of one of the leading New York churches. Her novel shows the influence of her love for music. At present, she is devoting herself exclusively to literature. She has just completed a new novel, "The Record of a Heart," and is now at work on her third book, "The Panorama of Sleep." A few months ago she began work on the words and music of an opera entitled "Titanella," which she is now completing.

She has also written considerable verse, which will shortly be collected in a volume.

Gum arabic and gum tragacanth, in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, is reputed to make the finest and most convenient mucilage you can keep in the house.

Napoleon prohibited the use of the musket to all the infantry in his armies except grenadiers of the Old Guard and the sappers and miners of each regiment.

Most dyspeptics might cure themselves if they would give a teaspoonful of water to 10 bites to a mouthful, with a few drops of lemon juice.

A BIRTHDAY.

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a wickered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver fringes,
In leaves and silver fleure-de-lis;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come—my love is come to me.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

GIRLS FROLIC.

"Girls, we're going to have such fun!" said Ida Colton. "Nell Evans has invited us all to Evansdale to a masquerade party—and you're to select your costumes at once!"

There was a universal outcry of joy at this announcement, which was shouted in the sweetest of silvery sopranoes from the top of a desk. Mrs. Morin's young ladies were enjoying their noon recess on this bright, glittering February day, and every one knows what a noise 20 schoolgirls can make if they choose.

"A masquerade!" said Marian Hampshire. "How delightful!"

"Can we select any dress we please?" said beautiful Miriam Holley.

"Would it be felonies to select a dress with any special dress if one has a fresh white muslin?" timidly asked Alice Appleton, whose mother was poor and who earned her own board and tuition by giving lessons to the smaller girls.

"Will madame consent?" breathlessly questioned Louise Hayward.

"Madame will consent to anything that Nell Evans chooses to ask," triumphantly announced Ida Colton. "Nell was one of madame's graduates, and she is a pattern dame in all respects, and if Nell were to request that we should all attend her masquerade costume in pink tinsel and walking on our heads madame would say: 'Quite right, my dear; a very sensible idea of yours. I shall be delighted to have my young ladies go.'"

There was a general laugh at this, and then commenced the joyful task of selecting personalities, studying up the costumes in old engravings and antique fashion plates and turning over the combined stores of the whole school in sash ribbons, artificial flowers, and other paraphernalia. For the masquerade party, which was to be held at Evansdale eight black satin masks and eight white sheets when they once more entered the double doors to the school house.

Miss Polly Prount transformed herself into a heroine the next day as she related her adventures.

"And so you weren't stopped?" said she to the girls. "Not even molested! Well, well, how very singular! I really think if we wouldn't make such a brave resistance we should have been carried away by main force—a regular abduction, you know," and Miss Polly simpered.

"How many ruffians were there?" innocently questioned Kate Kesley.

"Fifty at least," said Miss Polly. "Great, of course, bearded villains, with their eyes covered by masks."

"Dear, dear, how dreadful!" cried Ida Colton.

And the eight fair young conspirators looked at each other, as Miss Polly Prount hurried off to check the washerwoman's bill, and cried in laughing chorus:

"What a very narrow escape for poor Miss Polly Prount!"—True Flag.

Praise for the "Green" Young Man.

I have been struck in my dealings with young men to find how seldom they are to be looked upon as 'green' or 'fresh' in the sense of innocence and simplicity.

"Unless what?" said Miss Morin, and the eight lassies listened breathlessly for Miss Polly Prount's reply.

"Unless I am to go, too, as their chaplain!" said Miss Polly.

"Oh, that wouldn't be according to etiquette!" cried the girls in chorus. "Nell didn't invite Miss Polly Prount."

"Will you be silent, young ladies?" said Miss Polly, raising up the deal with a wooden ruler in a sort of anticlerical way of hers which the girls especially disliked.

"Mme. Morin certainly cannot have given the matter due consideration or else she would at once perceive the impropriety of the original plan!"

And Mme. Morin, who was an amiable, easy-going lady, governed in most matters by her cousin's energetic will, finally gave way and announced her conviction that Miss Polly Prount was right.

"I can put on my green gown and a tin-foil covered helmet and go as Minerva," said Miss Polly Prount, who then I can keep my eyes on the young ladies the whole time."

"What have we done that a spy should be set upon our actions?" said Ida Colton indignantly when they were by themselves.

"Minerva, indeed?" cried Marian Hampshire, with a protrusion of her plump lips and screwing of her cherry mouth so exactly in imitation of Miss Polly Prount that all the girls burst at once into a spasmodic giggle.

"Hateful, forward thing!" sputtered Louise Hayward. "Why, she'll spoil every bit of our fun!"

"How dare she obstruct herself uninvited upon poor Nell Evans?" asked Miriam Holley.

"She shan't come," said laughing Kate Kesley. "She shall never cross Nell's threshold."

"But how will you help it?" said Alice Appleton.

"We'll see!" was Kate's enigmatic answer.

The next week was a week of glad preparation for the forthcoming event, and no one was more diligent to please or more exacting in her selection of materials and her ceaseless efforts upon the part of the young ladies than Miss Polly Prount, who ordered a new "bang" of glossy chestnut hair for the occasion, which would have been quite perfect if it had matched her back braids a little more exactly, and had a pair of green satin sandals made by the village shoemaker, and a mosquito net, a gilded to represent a spear by the picture frame dealer.

"One likes to observe all the niceties," said Miss Polly, while in her middle aged mind rose the delusive idea that perhaps some mature masquerader of the opposite sex might perceive in her some greater attraction than the youthful roses and girlish graces of the eight graduating girls.

"Stranger things have happened," complacently thought Miss Polly as she stitched away at the satin rosettes which were to moderate her green and gold headpiece.

But in spite of all her precautions the first blight of laughing girls started without her while she was tying her fur hood over the tinsel helmet.

"What, gone already?" said Miss Prount angrily. "Why didn't they wait? What right had they to go off without notifying me?"

"Don't mind, Polly," said Mme. Morin, soothingly. "Eight was all the sleigh could carry besides the driver, Michael. Says his orders were to bring the cutter for you."

"Orders," shrilly repeated Miss Polly. "But whose orders? Does Kate Kesley manage this institution, or do I—and you? I'm cold into a cutter indeed—with a starling Irish lad like Michael to drive! A pretty arrangement!"

But in spite of her indignation Miss Polly Prount was compelled finally to accede to the obnoxious plan.

"Drive quickly, Michael," she said to her young Jehu, "for it's getting dark already,

and I don't at all like the woods that we have to go through. Why on earth those girls couldn't have waited!"

But the jingle of the sleighbells and the sudden start of the horse brought Miss Prount's sentence to an untimely termination, and away they went over the frozen roads.

Not far, however. Just within the darksome limits of the cedar woods, where the purple dusk that still lingered in the open fields seemed turned to the gloom of absolute night, a tall, white figure with a black mask covering its face stepped forward and seized the horse's head, while partially hidden by the drooping evergreen boughs a little group of other figures lingered.

"Burglars!" shrieked Miss Polly Prount, dropping Minerva's gilded spear into the snow. "Assassins! Masked robbers! Oh, kind gentlemen, spare my life, and all my jewels!"

And tearing her gold-plated bracelets from her wrists she flung them and her watch into the road.

"Arrah, the saints be true to us all! Harrow!" squeaked Mickey, the Irish lad, as he covered down in the bottom of the sleigh.

"Descend—and depart!" uttered a deep voice. "Look behind at your peril!"

"Wh-where shall we go?" stammered Mickey.

"To the place whence you came," was the stern reply. "And at the risk of your lives, descend at once!"

As Miss Polly stumbled more dead than alive out of the cutter she was turned briskly around by the shoulders, so that she was facing the windward road by which they had come, while Mickey found himself spinning around and around a few steps farther in like a top.

"Depart!" once more uttered the warning voice, and Miss Prount and Mickey, clinging wildly to each other, plodded away in an agony of terror.

Half an hour afterward the luckless pair arrived, half frozen and worn out with fatigue, at the school house, where the greenstone tale of having been arrested by masked robbers, and having only escaped by the most marvelous good luck from being murdered outright. The gardener and two men from a neighboring farmhouse were at once detailed in pursuit of the robbers, but they have not been seen since.

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IN CARMEL VALLEY.

Behind us dimmed the roofs of Monterey, And sparkle in the distance, clearly seen, A-sparkle in the sunlight's silver sheen, Flicking its level breast, the peaceful bay. A blue and perfect semicircle, my. Before us stretched a winding road between The hills, whose summits and long slopes were green.

With live oak verdure deeper lay the way Within the valley, and the sunlight fell Softly on the wider slopes, and softly gleamed Glimmered on the horizon azure lines Of mist hung hills; the mission of Carmel, Yellow and dim, rose on an open plain, And still beyond the sunlit slopes waves again, —Vina Woods in youth's Companion.

IDEAL LIFE IN A CLUB.

What Membership In a Metropolitan Social Organisation Means.

By union of financial and social forces, club conditions have been created that to individuals would be absolutely impossible. All one has to do to secure their perfect fulfillment in its particular case is to pay his dues and observe the few simple rules that underlie his peace. By his choice of a club it is assumed that the conditions there are those he most desires. If he finds himself mistaken, he is at liberty to shake off the shackles at a small cost and try over again elsewhere.

After admission, which secures to him congenial environment, he takes his own pace and forms his own associations. After that his life is as near happiness as it is possible for material influence to bring a mortal. One in possession of a perfect home may still miss something, but proper use of the club, while for the one having no home it is a place of refuge and a palace of peace. By an entrance fee of a few dollars and a trifling annual payment a man may enjoy the privileges of an institution whose income and expenditures are enormous. Even under a wasteful management, one has the privilege of living in a house worth many thousands of dollars in a way that seems impossible in a private house.

Each one has the same right as the other. The house practically belongs to the members. Hundreds of perfectly competent servants of various grades are employed with out thought on the part of a member. These, prohibited from accepting fees, serve all alike in view of the generous wages paid and the voluntary subscription which at holiday times is distributed among them.

The whole management is so arranged that all runs as if by clockwork. Cleaning, sweeping, etc., are done out of sight of members. All appliances are first class and of the best description. Nothing is ever out of repair, there is no dust or dirt anywhere, and some one is always within call.

Letters are stamped and sent to the exact minute by an automatic clock. While life strife is rigorously excluded, it invisibly pulsates in the very heart of the club. There are telephone connections, telegraph reporters for stocks, carriages within call furnished at moderate charges and free from suspicion of extortion, and barber attendants which are confined to members of the "household." There are dining rooms where the most perfect service is furnished at moderate rates, and private rooms where one may give entertainments of such character as he may choose to pay for. There is a library with hundreds of volumes, such as one might select for private use, and a reading room where all papers—daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly—and in all languages may be found, as well as an abundance of stationery. In payment of any extra debts incurred one simply signs a check which may be, there is no interference, as each uses the privilege only occasionally. Some use it only during the summer months, when their families are out of town; some drop in but to get a glance at the papers some visit but seldom, while others make the house their regular headquarters. There is always a view from the windows and some one interesting with whom to converse. The club furnishes a good place to make business or social appointments. While all messages are promptly and safely cared for, addresses are guarded from intruders, and once one passes through the door he is absolutely safe from interruptions. In most clubs the billiard table, card table, bowling alley, pool and chessrooms add to without taking anything from the desirability of the place.—New York Club.

An Intelligent Animal.

A country physician says that he was driving, late one dark night, over a strange road. A violent rain had been falling, and the highway was badly washed. Presently his horse, a Vermont Morgan, made a leap and crashed through what seemed to be the upper branches of a tree, taking the pig with him. Half a mile farther on he made another jump, there came a crash and shiver, the pig reeled over another tree, poised for a moment on one wheel and righted itself as the horse resumed his trot.

By this time the doctor knew he must be near a river with his hands up, for he could hear the water roaring over the rocks below. Now the horse came to a dead stop and refused to cross the bridge. The doctor urged him forward, and he took a few steps, only to move back in his tracks. This was twice repeated. Finally, vexed at such unusual obstinacy, the doctor struck him with the whip. The horse squealed with disgust, shook his head, advanced as before and backed again.

Now, at last the doctor alighted and went forward to reconnoiter. This was what he saw: The flooring of the bridge had been completely swept away by the flood. Nothing was left but the sleepers running from bank to bank, and it was one of these that the horse had walked out as far as he could with safety to the gig and its occupant.

The obstructions which the roadster had jumped were brush fences put up to stop travel on the highway until the bridge could be repaired.—Road, Track and Stable.

Trouseau's Heroic Deed.

Trouseau became aware that he was the victim of a cancer, an "autodiagnosis," which Dinsley was sorrowfully compelled to affirm.

He went on, however, though eaten up by cares of many kinds, with unabated cheerfulness, seeing his patients in the morning, receiving his guests in the evening and saying nothing of his disease. When forced to take to his bed, he continued to receive visitors, to whom he spoke in the tone of one suffering from slight indisposition. When racked with pain, he would say to the professional brethren who listened to him with a little of the intellectual gymnastics, "and would straightway start a discussion on some medical subject."

One of the very last acts of his life was to get Nelaton to obtain a distinction for a provincial confere for whom he had a regard. A truly heroic death, made beautiful by a self-sacrificing and enduring courage under prolonged mental and bodily agony, beside which the mere pluck of the "combatant" shows poor indeed.—British Medical Journal.

Agonies of Street Car Riding.

Did you ever stand 10, 15, 20 minutes on the curbstone waiting for "your car," only to learn when you inquired of the right one that that line of cars now runs on another route? Did you ever chase a fleet car, and when you were firmly packed in, finding to a strap, with your face paid, see another of that



MRS. CLEVELAND'S CHARITY

How the Wife of the President Does Good to the Poor.

Pretty Ways and Plenty of Them: The Characteristics of Mrs. Cleveland's Undertakings—How Her Charities are Conducted.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

NEW YORK, March 27.—In no country in the world has the first lady of the land identified herself with more beautiful charities than has the first lady of our own United States.

Mrs. Cleveland does a world of good by interesting herself privately in poor people who come to her notice. Mrs. Gladstone has a multitude of charitable occupations. Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales do a great deal of good in their stately way. The Empress of Germany is well known for her love of the poor mothers of her kingdom, and the Empress Frederick abounds in good works.

But Mrs. Cleveland has chosen a line of charity which is second to none in its far-reaching blessings. Moreover, Mrs. Cleveland's beneficences are of the sort which appeal to all, young and old. They are peculiarly sweet and interesting.

No matter how pressing may be the social demands upon her time, nor how urgent may be the occasion for the wife of the President, she has present there is always an hour to spare for her poor.

HER BABY SCHOOLS IN THE SLUMS.

The most prominent of all Mrs. Cleveland's charities, and the one in which she is most deeply interested, is the scheme of founding free kindergartens throughout the poorer parts of New York, for the purpose of teaching poor and neglected children how to live.

The idea originated with Mrs. Cleveland four years ago, before ever Baby Ruth came into her life. It has grown and blossomed, until now there is no more permanent and healthy organization in New York than the Kindergarten Association, of which Mrs. Cleveland is



The mothers' meeting.

vice-president, and Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the Century Magazine, is president.

The first kindergarten opened by the association was up on First avenue in one of the most wretched quarters of the city, and here a little group of teachers went to work under Mrs. Cleveland's guidance to show the miserable little ones, who gathered around them daily, the first steps toward becoming good men and women.

"Teach the children that there are other words just as good as swear words," was Mrs. Cleveland's first direction to her teachers, "and then show them the beautiful things which God has put into the world for them just as much as for others."

So, working patiently day by day, ragged little creatures were taught bits of plant life, the colors of the rainbow, the names of the stars, the motions of the earth, and a whole host of very practical things.

When Mrs. Cleveland saw the work succeeding she urged the association to start more kindergartens, and now there are nearly a dozen of these free baby schools in the slums of the city, and money has been provided for the establishment of eight more this spring, and probably ten additional ones in the fall.

HER LAKEWOOD ENTERTAINMENTS SET \$2500.

During the entire winter at Lakewood, in spite of the duties of the nursery and the throngs of people that flocked to the home of the President-elect, Mrs. Cleveland has conducted a very attractive series of entertainments, the funds from which will all go to kindergarten work. Fully \$2500 has been realized this winter alone.

CHRISTMAS TREES HUNG WITH LOVE APPLES.

Every winter at Christmas time Mrs. Cleveland herself goes personally to her kindergarten schools and inquires into the needs of the children.

"Do you not think that a Christmas tree all hung with little red apples would be a very pretty sight?" she asked last Christmas of one of the teachers. "And then, do you not think that a single place fifty pairs of little shoes around the base of the tree, so as to give each child something practical as well as pretty? I will send you 400 rosy-cheeked love-apples to-morrow, and a quantity of bright candy to make the tree look attractive."

Then, the sweetest of the fruit and candy, and many, many other things which she had not mentioned.

The day before Christmas, when everybody was as busy as could be buying presents for those they loved, Mrs. Cleveland snatched an hour from her home-shopping to drive up to the kindergarten and take the teacher down to one of the stores to buy forty sets of hosiery for the mothers of the little ones who were to enjoy the Christmas feast next day.

Every Christmas for the past few years Mrs. Cleveland has purchased trimmed hats, gloves, underclothes and shoes for the mothers, as well as sweets and gifts for the children. It is one of the principles of Mrs. Cleveland's giving that nothing shall be given away untrimmed, or unmade, for the wisest reasons that poor women have neither time nor taste to make up neatly and

well the articles of clothing, even if they had the necessary material for doing so.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S OWN VISIT. To go up to one of her free kindergartens and see Mrs. Cleveland busy among her poor little waifs is a sight well worth the hour which it takes to reach a locality where the school is located. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Cleveland objects to publicity and notoriety, and when she is at work the door is barred to visitors.

"The work is really nothing," she sweetly said one day to a poor scribbler, who besought her permission to bring a camera to the school, "and I would not like to pose as doing a great deal when I am only amusing myself with the children. If you were to take my picture here it might lay me open to criticism, and you would not like that, would you?"

One of the pretty things which Mrs. Cleveland does—one which shows her thoughtfulness—is to invariably wear rich clothing when she visits her kindergartens. The poor, she reasons, love to look upon heavy velvets and heavy satins, just as more fortunate people love to look at fine paintings. It is a real treat to them to see good clothes, and for that reason Mrs. Cleveland always selects the richest street gowns in her wardrobe when she is going to call upon her poor people. It

does not make them envious, she has found, and it does educate their taste and the artistic taste, besides giving real pleasure.

When Mrs. Cleveland goes to her schools she is apparently very careful to preserve a very pleasant demeanor. Surely no woman could ever see her in more gracious smiles. No matter how forbidding may be the bare little room, where the schools are sometimes forced to be held, nor how ragged may be the babies gathered there, Mrs. Cleveland smiles and smiles, nodding approval upon every effort to do well. She has placed a piano in every little school, and there is a nurse girl in attendance to carry home unfortunate little ones who may be sound asleep when school is over or who may be too sick to be sent home.

To try to tell one-half of the gentle things done by Mrs. Cleveland in the kindergarten work, which is avowedly her favorite charity, would be hopeless. Her tact shines forth in this, just as it does when she is in the midst of one of her White House levées.

On one occasion there was a little fellow who must have been 5 years old, he did not know his age nor was his mother certain of it—who had never learned to hold up his head and keep his tongue in his mouth. He was bright enough, but he had been utterly neglected.

"I think I can help him," said Mrs. Cleveland, smiling pityingly, as she looked at the little fellow. "Fritzie," said she sweetly to him, "will you not hold up your head so that you can see all of the pretty things that are in this room? There are such beautiful pictures on the walls, and oh, such lovely plants in the windows!"

"Fritzie" lifted up his head, interested by this description of the beauties around him, and all the rest of the day he kept it held up, looking about and, of course, kept his tongue in his mouth. Mrs. Cleveland has had many other perplexing little problems to solve in her kindergarten work. Among them was a supply of baby food for the luckless infants who are abandoned each morn-

ing on the doorstep of the kindergarten schools and must be cared for until their shame-faced mothers call for them later in the day.

It was another perplexing question to know what to do about the children's lunches. Often the little ones come to school faint from lack of food because they could not relish the awful "chuck" of dark bread given to them for breakfast, lunch and dinner. In some quarters of the city the wretched babies come to school, drowsy with beer, munching an awful handful of spoiled fruit.

To attempt to work reform with the children themselves was, of course, useless, for the little thing were the victims of home mismanagement. But by talking with the mothers on the subject of lunches and assuring them that the child would be fed in school at lunch time, even though he brought no lunch with him, the change for good has been brought about. The mothers have had it demonstrated to them that a clean loaf of bread costs no more than a muddy one, and tastes much better, and that "the teacher" that infallible manager—thinks spoiled fruit dear at any price.

BABY RUTH AND THE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN.

Baby Ruth is very fond of the kindergarten children, for she has been told all about them many a time. But dear little Ruth is a delicate blossom, and it is not thought wise to subject her to

so great a chance of catching the childish diseases which are always prevalent among East Side children.

Even five-year-old Dorothy Whitney, who was at Lakewood for some mild childhood trouble at the time of her mother's death, was rarely allowed to visit her baby friend for fear of making her sick. But Ruth loves to hear kindergarten stories and kindergarten songs, and her most restless moments can be quieted by tales of what the little kindergarten boys and girls say and do.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S "MOTHER'S MEETINGS."

Next to her interest in children comes Mrs. Cleveland's solicitude for poor mothers, and this is a distinct branch of her charitable work.

On certain afternoons of the week twenty or more of the poorest mothers in New York are gathered in little groups, in half a dozen different parts of the city, to talk about helpful household topics, over a cup of tea and a piece of cake. Young ladies, specially trained for the work, preside at these meetings, and it is they who lead the talk into the right channels.

"Teach them how to live. Tell them that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing things, and make them realize that the children which are sent to them are straight from the hand of God and must be trained to go back to Him," said Mrs. Cleveland one day while giving directions to the teacher

Mrs. Cleveland's idea of giving comparatively little in private charities. She rarely sees those who apply for aid, and she never gives alms from the door. She believes in organized charity. So, aside from paying her servants and her seamstress very big wages, and paying full price for everything she buys, she does not give alms. To her, the organized work, whether it be for working girls' clubs, newsboys' lodging-houses or church fairs, her purse strings are ever untied.

It is not a very delightful thing to have the first lady of the land interested in the humblest of her husband's people. And does it not make one all the more glad on this account to read of the elegance of Mrs. Cleveland's entertainments and the beauties of her dresses? One does not begrudge them to her at all.

Although Mrs. Cleveland has gone to Washington to live for four years, she retains her interest in her New York work. And her very last act before leaving in her special car for the inauguration was to read with delight in the morning papers of the very successful lecture given by Joseph Jefferson the night before, to help on the kindergarten schools.

And while the inauguration guns were being fired and the inauguration quadrille was being danced, Mrs. Cleveland's co-workers in New York were counting the goodly proceeds of the night which she had so lately swelled.

A SALAD AT DUAVAL'S.

You order a plain salad with your dinner, and it comes to you in a deep bowl—lettuce leaves, crisp, bleached and tender, and laid across it a wisp of those "delicious bits of grass" that the American girl wished we might have at home in our salads.

You watch your neighbors and do as they do.

First the wisp is taken up and cut in bits between your knife and your thumb. Then into the salad spoon is sprinkled salt and pepper, and the spoon is filled and emptied three times with salad oil. Of course some of the salt and pepper go, too, when the spoon is emptied. Once with vinegar and sprinkled over the well-oiled leaves the salt and pepper is all dissolved. Ah, that is a salad! and it costs on the bill but 20 centimes.

But why cannot our young American boys this salad at home, if not as cheap, as they find it in Paris?

First, because we have not yet learned to raise salad vegetables in such perfection and profusion as have the French and German gardeners; and then we lack the "bits of grass."

These "bits of grass" are parsley, chives, chervil and tarragon.

Parsley is well known to us; nor so the other three. The ordinary seeker would not find them even in the large markets of New York and Boston—only those who know the French gardeners and who are persistent in their search. Therefore it is simple irony when the cook books speak so familiarly and temptingly of these flavors, for anyone among us they are obtained with too great difficulty to make their use at all common.

But if you possess a little garden try the seed-growers. All the large standard firms now have chervil on their lists, and this herb will be found as easily grown as parsley. Its delicate, spicy flavor will be found a great addition to the salad. But for chive bulbs and a root of tarragon you must apply to a special dealer.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A RAGOUT.

Then again small quantities of food materials are not to be bought in American towns as they are abroad. An effort I once made to connect in Boston a favorite French dish will illustrate the difficulty of obtaining even in our larger cities any variety of flavors and condiments in the quantities needed.

The dish in question was a ragout fin, having as its basis cold roast beef cut in cubes. This meat is warmed in a sauce whose delightful flavor is due chiefly to a tiny salted fish of the sea-dine variety, sold from the open cask in French or German towns at five pennings or a souape. It may be remembered, passing through the fish flavors used with a wise hand give the characteristic taste to several delicious foreign dishes.

Shops of all sizes were tried, but the salted sardellen was not to be found in any form; and other fish, as the anchovy, which might have substituted, were sold only in boxes, whose price was beyond that I had set for all my materials!

I wanted, too, a few capers which would be furnished the French cook for a sou, out of the brine as we buy a pickle; but capers I found only in 50-cent bottles.

A few tablespoonsful of white wine were next called for, but that, too, was only to be had in the bottle.

It would be quite useless, of course, to ask for a cent's worth of Parmesan cheese, but that also was necessary to grate over the finished dish. It is said, and with truth, that our national cooking is monotonous, except among the wealthier classes; and so will continue to be until other flavors than onion, carrot, and a few dried herbs can be bought in small quantities.

MAN HIRSH AND GENERAL WEAR.

A good traveling and general utility suit can be made on this plan: The stuff a black cloth, the full, gored skirt

women, young and old, gather round a big table, at the head of which sits a teacher, who, by the way, is usually a young lady, who has kindly offered her services for the work. In front of each of the women is a small tin dish pan, and by the side of the pan there is a piece of soap and a dish mop. At the other side of the pan there is a plate, a knife, a fork and a cup and saucer.

As in her other charitable workings, Mrs. Cleveland believes in feeding the body before attempting to train the mind or the spirit. Very palatable plain cake is passed around, with little biscuits, and every one is given a choice of tea or coffee, after which is eaten then comes the work of instruction.

The teacher begins it, "I think," says she, "that it is a good plan—a very good plan, always to wash dishes after you have eaten off of them. To me, mind washing dishes once a day is not enough. I have a rule, and that is, 'that dishes should be washed in soapy water and then rinsed in clear hot water.'"

Suiting the action to the word, she washes her own plate and cup and saucer, and her admiring pupils do likewise. And then she turns to the kitchen sink for "clear, hot water," for the finishing process.

Practical lessons are given upon all kinds of housework, and often positions are obtained for those who become very skillful at their work.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S IDEA OF GIVING. Mrs. Cleveland interests herself comparatively little in private charities. She rarely sees those who apply for aid, and she never gives alms from the door. She believes in organized charity. So, aside from paying her servants and her seamstress very big wages, and paying full price for everything she buys, she does not give alms. To her, the organized work, whether it be for working girls' clubs, newsboys' lodging-houses or church fairs, her purse strings are ever untied.

It is not a very delightful thing to have the first lady of the land interested in the humblest of her husband's people. And does it not make one all the more glad on this account to read of the elegance of Mrs. Cleveland's entertainments and the beauties of her dresses? One does not begrudge them to her at all.

Although Mrs. Cleveland has gone to Washington to live for four years, she retains her interest in her New York work. And her very last act before leaving in her special car for the inauguration was to read with delight in the morning papers of the very successful lecture given by Joseph Jefferson the night before, to help on the kindergarten schools.

And while the inauguration guns were being fired and the inauguration quadrille was being danced, Mrs. Cleveland's co-workers in New York were counting the goodly proceeds of the night which she had so lately swelled.

AUGUSTA PRESSCOTT.

SOME FOREIGN FLAVORS.

The Difficulty of Cooking French Dishes in America. Special Correspondence of The Times.

If you want to put your money into sight-seeing you will often dine when in Paris at Duval's. Would that our American cities could furnish anything approaching the excellence and cheapness of this Frenchman's establishment.

A SALAD AT DUAVAL'S. You order a plain salad with your dinner, and it comes to you in a deep bowl—lettuce leaves, crisp, bleached and tender, and laid across it a wisp of those "delicious bits of grass" that the American girl wished we might have at home in our salads.

You watch your neighbors and do as they do. First the wisp is taken up and cut in bits between your knife and your thumb. Then into the salad spoon is sprinkled salt and pepper, and the spoon is filled and emptied three times with salad oil. Of course some of the salt and pepper go, too, when the spoon is emptied. Once with vinegar and sprinkled over the well-oiled leaves the salt and pepper is all dissolved. Ah, that is a salad! and it costs on the bill but 20 centimes.

But why cannot our young American boys this salad at home, if not as cheap, as they find it in Paris?

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A good traveling and general utility suit can be made on this plan: The stuff a black cloth, the full, gored skirt

What Women May Wear at the World's Fair.

A Woman's Outfit for a Fortnight's Stay—How Travel in Comfort and How to Dress It—Coming.

Special Correspondence to The Times.

Everybody is going to the World's Fair. Families scattered to the four winds of heaven are looking forward to reunion there, as minds pursuing varied lines of thought and work are coming from every quarter to exchange fraternal greeting and behold with their own eyes the progress of the nations. We all desire to look our best there, and to be at our best.

FIRST PREPARATIONS.

A vigorous spring house cleaning in the way of blood cleansing, and judicious diet are necessary preparations toward the enjoyment of a trip to the fair. A daily draught of herb tea, chamomile, thoroughwort or dandelion extract—for a month, at least—is really a good fortifier and preventative of the petty bodily ills that so frequently make life a burden when one is absent from home and eager to compass much in a short time.

DRESS IN FASHION.

The body in good condition, proceeding to dress it comfortably, becomingly, and as well as lies in our power, and fully up to the prevalent fashion.

In this busy world external impressions are paramount. To one who has time or inclination to penetrate the exterior, there are hundreds, yea thousands, who judge solely from what appears to the eye. To be well-dressed, then, is in itself a letter of introduction that secures consideration.

There is no need to get to aestheticism in the volumes entitled "Hints to Travelers." Invariably they warn the "tender-foot" to travel in the oldest gown, and be sure to leave the best "duds" at home. Experienced travelers well know the fallacy of this advice.

It is such admonitions that people Europe yearly with hordes of "American rag-muffins," to quote a Heidelberg student, surprised by a bevy of Gotham belles, who had succumbed to the tourists' indifference, and appeared in costumes in which they would blush to be seen at home.

"It's decidedly uncomfortable," sighed the youth. "Especially when you have boasted to your companions of their chic."

Unquestionably we are the best-dressed in the world. But this indifference to the toilet abroad—inspired somewhat, no doubt, by the delicious freedom from the restraint of "our set"—threatens to destroy our reputation. Many a resident abroad has been forced to apologize for the appearance of countrymen met on the wing.

As a sobering example, let us mention the Paris Exposition, and "la belle Americaine" disappointed more than one European who beheld her for the first time.

"Ah, but you should see her on her native heath," was the apology of our defenders.

Well, the time is at hand. Europe is coming across to look us over.

SOME THINGS TO BE THOUGHT OF.

The majority of women who contemplate going to the Chicago Exposition are inexperienced travelers. From one to five days will be consumed by a large proportion en route to Chicago. The journey in many instances will be the first, the greatest "outing" of their lives. Naturally they want to make a good appearance and get the most out of the occasion. No telling how they will encounter before they get back to the old homestead or take up again the old routine.

Of the railroad accommodations thither, of their crowded housing on arrival, of the magnificent distances of the Windy City—its capricious climate and its tenacious cool soot—they have little or no knowledge; and it does not occur to them that these things will affect their wardrobe needs as they prepare for the journey.

Chicago is a city dirty—dirty with the smoke and soot inseparable from great manufacturing. High winds at all seasons and intense heat in summer are not the least of its climatic peculiarities. The fair commands a magnificent, treeless expanse confronting the lake, consequently its winds will be a prey to the seductive or destructive willies of the great watery waste. By railroad, cable, elevated cars or steam tugs this site is to be reached from the city.

All these conditions imply loss of time and wear on clothes, and should be considered in preparing one's wardrobe.

HOW MANY GOWNS?

"As little baggage as possible," is the motto of the veteran traveler. Distance, season, length of sojourn, location (public hotel or private house), and the special purpose with which one contemplates her visit should govern a woman in preparing and packing for the trip.

Two gowns are sufficient for a visit of two or four weeks at any season. But be sure that these two are of good wear and tear materials, fresh, becoming and well made. Happily, prevailing styles may be adjusted to all types of women.

TRAVELING DRESS.

The best traveling dress for cool weather for old or young is lightweight storm serge of some becoming neutral tint—black, brown, green or navy blue.

For midsummer black serge will be found the best dress. It sheds the dust, does not crumple, shakes out fresh and clean, wears well, and is always presentable, and with a variety of neckwear will serve for all occasions. For elderly ladies it is particularly suitable.

Lightweight Scotch tweeds and the wool stuffs shown this spring in so many pretty weavings will make stylish and serviceable utility suits.

Make the skirt of the traveling gown, whatever the material, short, with a fullness of four to seven yards. The wool gown can have, if you like, a tailor-made bodice, and also a modish round waist brightened by silk sleeves and bouffant vest of contrasting color, which will give a dressy and easy change if one chance to be invited to a tea or wishes to drop into a theater.

If you have but one bodice you can keep it fresh by wearing a silk shirt waist of corresponding or contrasting color on the train, and this will prove handy to slip on for breakfast. There never was a more economical or effective adjunct. Then the shirt waists are now to be had ready-made at the shops in wash silks or cotton fabrics of artistic designs and colors, and at prices ranging from \$1.75 to \$2.50 for cotton, and \$4 to \$7 in silk.

A MODERN TRAVELING AND GENERAL WEAR SUIT.

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"IN THE STYLE."

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SWAMPY:

A TALE OF THE "BLACK CY-
PRESS."

By Kirk Munroe.
Author of "Dorymates," "Campmates,"
"Canoe-mates," "Raft-mates," Etc.

Specially Contributed to The Times

From a dense thicket of jupon, over which a yellow jassamine had clambered so luxuriantly, and hung such a wreath of sweet-scented flower bells, as to form a screen almost impervious to light, a crouching figure peered eagerly out.

The form was that of a boy, perhaps 16 years of age, but with a face so thin and shrewd that it might have belonged to a man of sixty. It was tanned, freckled and weather-beaten, and was shadowed by a thatch of sun-bleached hair, that the boy every now and then pushed back from his eyes with an impatient gesture. The gray eyes had a stealthy and hunted look like those of a wild animal.

He was bare-footed and bare-headed, while his only garments were a blue, cotton shirt and a pair of coarse trousers, much too large for him and turned up at the bottoms. They were

About a week before the time with which this story opens Mr. Addis, accompanied by his wife and their only child, a little five-year-old daughter, arrived unexpectedly at Cypress Knoll, on a visit of inspection.

The proprietor soon discovered that he had been systematically robbed on all sides, but so far as he could find out, every one was honest and innocent save "that little" young devil of a Swampy. "Tellyo' sah, him so keen fer stealin' dat he steal de toof outen yo' head, an' nebbet get cotch ef yo' ain't look out. Yes, sah! pears like him lottin' fer ter car' off der whole plantashun 'fore him dun got too!"

So against Swampy was the proprietor's wrath directed, and vowing to bring the young rascal to justice before he left the neighborhood he laid many plans for the lad's capture.

Of all this the boy remained in such ignorance that he found no reason for ceasing his stealthy visits to Cypress Knoll, whenever his hunger or other necessities seemed to demand them.

He even began to visit the place by daylight and more frequently than ever, for he had learned that it possessed a new attraction for him, and one so fascinating that he could not resist it. Dainty little Mildred Addis, with her happy laughter and bewitching way, was a revelation to the young outcast of the swamps, and to lie hidden in those tangled thickets from which he could watch her, became his greatest pleasure.

bread and a jug of water, reported that he was still safe.

In the morning when they came to take him to the County Jail he had disappeared. A hole burrowed as though by a fox through the solidly packed earth underneath one of the walls showed how he had escaped.

Not only had he departed, but every ham and side of bacon that had hung in the smokehouse had gone with him.

When this was reported to Mr. Addis, that gentleman's chagrin knew no bounds, and he vowed he would not rest until Swampy was again a prisoner. By noon messengers sent far and wide had summoned to Cypress Knoll half a dozen neighboring land-owners, as many servants, and a score of hunters.

With this assistance Mr. Addis proposed to draw the swamp covers, and hoped to speedily run this human fox to earth.

After lunch, as the hunt was about to start, the shouting men, neighing horses, longedged dogs, created a merry confusion on the broad lawn that sloped down from the house to the very edge of the great swamp.

"Remember," called Mr. Addis, "the thief must surely be taken this time. He is the curse of this community, and deserves no more mercy at our hands than the beast with which he shares his hiding-place."

"Aye, aye! We'll have the young catamount before night, never fear!" was shouted in reply, as the noisy cavalcade dashed away.

Their leader was the last to mount; and as he did so little Mildred, joyously excited by the confusion, which had no meaning to her beyond that of a frolic, darted from her mother's side and begged her papa to take her with him.

Laughing at the child's request, and in spite of her mother's protesting exclamation, the indulgent father swung his darling up on to the saddle in front of him, put spurs to his horse and was off like a shot.

At the bottom of the lawn he set the little one gently down, and bidding her run back to her mother, plunged into the gloomy shadows of the swamp, amid where his companions had already disappeared.

The sounds of merry horns, baying hounds, shouts and barkings grew fainter and fainter, until finally they were lost in the forest's depths, and the peace of silence once more brooded over the borders of the dark swamp and the sun-bathed plantation beyond.

It was dusk ere the weary hunters, angered by failure, began to straggle back from the dim glades among which their unsuccessful quest had been made. Men, horses and dogs were alike covered with the ooze and slime of the swamp. All were scratched and torn by the thorns of briars and ty-ty bushes, wait-a-bits and wild rattan.

Mr. Addis was among the first to emerge into the open, and, as he did so, he was met by a group of frightened women, one of whom sprang forward, crying shrilly: "Mildred, my baby, where is she? Give her to me, once! Oh, it was cruel! cruel! to take her into that awful place!"

The hunters reigned sharply up, and gazed at one another with blanched faces. "What do you mean?" demanded their leader, huskily. "The child has not been with us. I sent her back from this very spot hours ago."

He had hardly spoken, and had no time to spring to her aid, ere his wife fell senseless to the ground.

Quickly, and far, the dread news spread. Mildred Addis was lost! She had not returned to the house after dashing away in that mad gallop with her father, and must have followed him into the awful shadows of the swamp.

Strong men shuddered as they pictured the helpless little one wandering, terrified and alone, amid the horrors from which they had just emerged, her tender flesh torn by thorns, and her uncertain footsteps dogged by prowling beasts.

Fearful concerning her fate, dismayed and helpless as they were, they were

AN EASTER WITH PAREPA.

By Myra S. Delano.

Specially Contributed to The Times

When Parepa was over here she was everywhere the people's idol. The great operahouses in all our cities and towns were thronged. There were none to criticize or carp. Her young, rich, grand voice was beyond compare. Its glorious tones were remembered with an enthusiasm like that which greeted her when she sang.

Her company played in New York during the Easter holidays, and I, as an old friend, claimed some of her leisure hours. We were friends in Italy, and this Easter day was to be spent with me.

At 11 in the morning she sang at one of the large churches: I waited for her and at last she was alone in my snug little rooms. At noon the sky was overcast and gray. Down came the snow, whitening the streets and roofs. The wind swept icy breaths from the water as it came up from the bay, and rushed past the city spires, and over tall buildings, whirling around us the snow and storm.

We had hurried home, shut and fastened our blinds, drawn close the curtains, and piled coal higher on the



Parepa Rosa.

glowing grate. We had taken off our wraps and now sat close to the cheery fire, for a whole afternoon's blessed enjoyment.

Parepa said, "Marry, this is perfect rest! We shall be quite alone for four hours."

"Yes, four long hours!" I replied. "No rehearsals, no engagements. Nobody knows where you are! If the whole company died they couldn't let you know!"

Parepa laughed merrily at this idea. "Dinner shall be served in this room, and I won't allow even the servant to look at you!" I said.

She clasped her dimpled hands together, like a child in enjoyment, and then sprang up to roll the little center-table nearer the grate. "This is a better fire than we have at home," she said. "Do you remember the scolding that day when I took you to our museum, and you made great fun of our 'pot of goals'?"

"Yes, and how absurd your Italian fires are! I almost perished."

Parepa leaned her head back against the chair and said, in a low voice: "Marry, that was a good Sunday in Venice, when my faithful old Luigia rowed us round to St. Mark's to early mass, and—"

"Oh, how lovely it was!" I interrupted. "It seemed like a dream—how we slipped through the little canal under the Bridge of Sighs, then walked through the courtyard of the Doge's palace into the great solemn shadows of St. Mark's. I shall never forget the odor of the incense and the robed priests, and the slow intonings. Such crowds of people, all kneeling!"

Parepa looked intently into my eyes and softly laughed in her queer little Italian way. "And," she went on, "then you took me to your church, where your priest read a song out of a book, and the men and women were very sober-looking, and sang so slow; why, I can sing that little song now. I have never forgotten it."

Parepa folded her hands exactly like the Scotch Presbyterian folk of the small English church in Venice, on the Grand Canal, and sang slowly one verse of our old hymn, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," to the old tune of "Canaan."

"How everybody stared at you when you joined in and sang," I said. "The snow had now turned into sleet and a great chill fell over the whole city. We looked out of our windows, peeping through the shutters, and pitying the people as they rushed past."

A sharp rap on my door. John thrust in a note: "My dear friend—Can you come? Annie has gone. She said you would be sure to come to her funeral. She spoke of you to the last. She will be buried at 4."

I laid the poor little blotted note in Parepa's hand. How it stormed! We looked into each others' faces, helplessly. I said, "Dear, I must go; you sit by the fire and rest. I'll be at home in two hours. And poor Annie has gone!"

"Tell me about it, Mary, for I am going with you," she answered. She threw on her heavy cloak, wound her long white neck scarf loosely about her throat, drew on her woolen gloves, and we set out together in the wild Easter storm.

Annie's mother was a dressmaker, and she sewed for me and my friends. She was left a widow when her one little girl was 5 years old. Her husband was drowned off the Jersey coast, and out of blinding pain and loss and anguish had grown a sort of idolatry for the delicate, beautiful child whose brown eyes looked like the young husband's.

For fifteen years this mother had loved and worked for Annie, until whole hearted devotion had made her a saint, and we set out together in the wild Easter storm.

The undertaker came and bustled about. He looked at myself and Parepa, as if to say: "It's time to go." The wretched funeral service was over. Without a word Parepa rose and walked to the head of the coffin. She laid her white scarf on an empty chair, threw her cloak back from her shoulders, where it fell in long, soft, black lines from her noble figure like the drapery of mourning. She laid her soft, fair hand of the cold forehead, passed it tenderly over the wasted, delicate face,

stood a moment with her, silent. All hope had gone out of her face. She shed no tears, but as I held her cold hand I felt a shudder go over her, but she neither spoke nor sobbed.

The driving storm had made us late, and the plain, hard-working people sat stiffly against the walls. Some one gave us chairs, and we sat close to the mother.

The minister came in, a blunt, hard-looking man, self-confident and formal. A woman said the undertaker brought him. Icier than the pitiless storm outside; yes, colder than ice were his words. He read a few verses from the Bible, and warned "the bereaved mother against rebellion at the divine decree." He made a prayer and was gone.

A dreadful hush fell over the small room. I whispered to the mother and asked: "Why did you wait so long to send for me? All this would have been different."

"With a kind of stare, she looked at me. 'I can't remember why I didn't send,' she said, her hand to her head, and added: 'I seemed to die, too, and forget, till they brought a coffin. Then I knew it all!'

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The Busy Bee Shoe House.

Old Winter Has Lingered in the Lap of Spring.

Just long enough for us to gather together the handsomest line of spring shoes and slippers ever shown in the city. New, fresh novelties at moderate prices. You won't find any fancy values at the Busy Bee. Everything is run on a common-sense basis and low prices prevail. Drop in and see our new spring styles :

Oxfords

Will be all the rage—we have them in great variety.

Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Shoes, tipped.....\$2.00 and \$2.50
Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Shoes, fine.....\$3.00 and \$4.00
Ladies' French Kid Button Shoes, tipped.....\$3.50
Cloth top, patent tip, patent back Oxfords at.....\$1.50 a pair
Dongola Kid patent tip Oxfords at.....\$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50
Dongola Oxfords, turn soles, scalloped patent tips, kid or cloth tops.....\$2.00
Cloth or kid top Booties, newest and nicest, all hand made, only.....\$2.75
White Kid Slippers, satin bows.....\$1.95
Red, gray, tan, black, Undressed Kid Oxfords.....\$2.50 a pair
Ladies' Tan Oxfords at.....\$1.50 and \$2.00
Misses' Oxfords at.....\$1.00
Misses' Red Oxfords at.....\$1.50

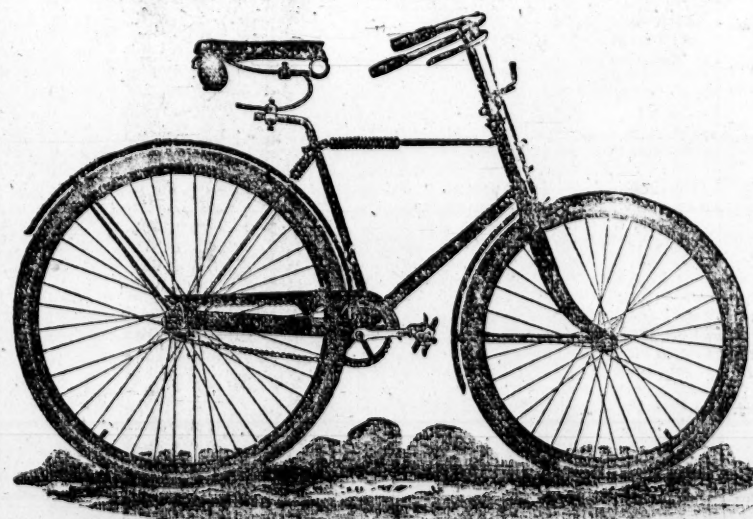
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They will carry a splendid stock, be long to no trust, and will sell Wall Paper at from 4 cents up.



looked down at the dead girl a moment, and moved my Easter lilies from the stained box to the thin fingers, then lifted up her head, and with illumined eyes sang the glorious melody:

"Angels, ever bright and fair, Take, oh, take her to thy care."

Her magnificent voice rose and fell in all its richness and power and pity and beauty! She looked above the dingy room and the tired faces of the men and women, the hard hands and the struggling hearts. She threw back her head and sang till the choirs of Paradise must have paused to listen to the Easter music of that day!

She passed her hand caressingly over the girl's soft, dark hair, and sang on—and on—"Take, oh, take her to thy care!"

The mother's face grew rapt and white. I held her hands and watched her eyes. Suddenly she threw my hand off and knelt at Parepa's feet, close to the wooden trestles. She looked her fingers together, tears and sobs breaking forth. She prayed aloud that God would bless the angel singing for Annie. A patient smile settled about her lips, the light came back into the poor dulled eyes, and she kissed her daughter's face with a love beyond all interpretation or human speech. I led her back to her seat, as the last glorious notes of Parepa's voice rose triumphant over all earthly pain and sorrow.

I thought that no queen ever went to her grave with a greater ceremony than this young daughter of poverty and toil, committed to the care of all angels.

That same night thousands listened to Parepa's matchless voice. Applause rose to the skies and Parepa's own face

was gloriously swept with emotion. I joined in the enthusiasm, but above the glitter and shimmering of jewels and dress, and the heavy odors of Easter flowers, the sea of smiling faces and the murmur of voices, I could only behold by the dim light of a tenement window the singer's uplifted face, the wondering countenances of the poor on-lookers, and the mother's wide, startled, tearful eyes; I could only hear above the sleet on the roof and the storm outside Parepa's voice singing up to heaven: "Take, oh, take her to thy care."

Somebody in a loud whisper said in the seat beside me: "Did you hear Parepa sing 'To the herald angels,' in church this morning?"

I answered to myself, rather than to her, "I heard a glorious voice beside the dead!"

Costly Advice.

A few days since the favorite horse of a prominent south side manufacturer was taken severely lame. He consulted the authorities without avail, and then he began to ask people who are not authorities upon the subject. He saw a bright looking colored man standing in front of a stable watching the limping horse. "Do you know anything about horses?" he asked. "Bin bro't up with horses all me life, boss." "Can you tell me what's the matter with my horse?" "I spects I can, boss," was the reply, "but I must have \$1."

The manufacturer cut out with a standard silver dollar and passed it to the colored man. He put it in his pocket and then proceeded to walk about the horse, lifted the lame foot, looked at it, dropped it, walked back to the sidewalk and remarked, "Well, boss, yer horse is lame; dreadful lame," and then he walked away.—Exchange



She was safe and unharmed as when last held in her mother's arms.

supported by a leather belt, still showing patches of tawny hair, and into this was thrust a knife.

This boy was known far and wide as "Swampy" and if he had ever borne any other name he, as well as all others, had forgotten it.

He was the outcast of that thinly settled neighborhood, his hand was against all men, and to him was credited all the mischief and thieving of the community.

He was rarely seen by daylight; but at night he prowled about the country side, and shadowy glimpses of him were always followed by the discovery of looted chicken roosts, spring-houses or melon patches.

Many a fruitless trap was set for him, and he had eluded many a hot chase. He laughed to scorn all efforts to bring him to justice, and defied his pursuers from the trackless fastnesses of the great swamp, in which he always found a secure retreat.

It was generally known that somewhere within its black depths, amid whose tangled cane brakes panthers, bears and wildcats roamed unmolested, where water moccasins and alligators abounded, and where tempting beds of greenest moss concealed deadly bits of shiny ooze, old Jake Minders had for years maintained a moonshine still, though no living man had ever visited or seen it; and that here his son, the boy only known as "Swampy," had remained alone ever since the disappearance of old man, who, either dead or a fugitive from justice, had now been missing for many months.

How Swampy lived none knew nor cared. His neighbors only swore when ever they spoke of him, and wished he would cease to live at all or would follow his father to parts unknown.

Even Swampy's woeful mother, who he stayed where he did. The only reason he could give to himself was that he knew and loved the Black Cypress, with a knowledge and love belonging only to those who have passed their lives in a single house. Amid its gloomy shadows he had dwelt ever since he could remember, and for aught he knew he had been born in the swamp.

His life was as cheerless and lonely as can well be conceived, but, although he never worked and knew not the meaning of the work study, it was a fairly busy one. He had a living to get as well as anyone else, and he got it by hunting, trapping, fishing and stealing, all of which were to him perfectly legitimate occupations. He had never been taught that stealing was wrong, though he had received from his father many lessons of a nature that he was not likely to forget, on the enormity of the disgrace of being caught at it.

Thus when the boy was thrown upon his own resources he stole whatever he considered necessary to his comfort as naturally as he breathed or slept, and was more than proud of the knowledge that he had never been caught at it.

The principal scene of Swampy's depredations was Cypress Knoll, a plantation that bordered on the swamp in which he made his home.

It was near by, abounded in the very things he most needed, and was less carefully guarded than other places whose owners lived on them.

Its owner, whose name was Addis, was compelled by business to spend most of his time in a distant city; but the plantation, left in charge of an overseer, was kept up after a fashion, principally to Swampy, on the enormity of the disgrace of being caught at it.

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He soon discovered the favorite haunts to which Miss Addis, always accompanied by Mildred, took her work or book on warm drowsy afternoons. Near one of these he would wait for hours, and when they appeared would watch with almost breathless delight the butterfly-like movements of the child.

Swampy had never heard of angels; but he was intimately acquainted with birds, and to his untutored mind the little one, with her brightness, daintiness and incessant motion, was like one of the exquisite ruby-throated humming-birds that flashed to and fro among the jasmine flowers, and to himself he called her "humming-bird."

On this particular afternoon Mrs. Addis had sought the shade of a giant live oak, beneath which she sat absorbed in a book, while Mildred played near her, and Swampy, from the thicket in which, crouched like a wild animal, he had long waited for their appearance, watched with a swelling yearning and a strange longing to be in some way different from what he was, and more like the people whom this child could know and love.

At times the child came so close to gather the yellow flowers which hung about him that he could have touched her, but he crouched low and she did not discover his presence.

Suddenly, on one of these occasions, a half-grown Newfoundland pup appeared from behind a clump of shrubbery, and with awkward gambolings and loud barkings, made straight for the little girl. With a frightened cry she ran toward her mother. An instant later Swampy, fancying that the child was in danger and naturally hating dogs because they were always set on him, seized the animal's throat in his sinewy hands and would have choked it to death had he not been grasped from behind and forced to loose his hold.

Mr. Addis and the owner of an adjacent plantation who had been but a few steps behind the dog and who misunderstood the cause of Swampy's attack on him, had sprung to his rescue.

"Who are you doing here? And what do you mean by this outrage?" demanded Mr. Addis sternly, as he tightened his clutch on the lad's arm, and slightly shook him. To these questions Swampy, angry and sullen, made no reply.

"It's that young cub of old Jake Minders!" exclaimed the other gentleman with a keen look at the boy's face. "The most audacious young scoundrel in all these parts, and one who ought to have been sent to the chain gang long ago. Swampy they call him, and—"

"Swampy!" interrupted Mr. Addis, "why that is the name of the thief who has been robbing me right and left for some years past. I was going to ask you to help me organize a hunt for him. Well, this is a bit of luck. Ah, you young villain! So you thought you'd kill my dog, did you, for fear he'd interfere with your thieving? His services won't be needed now, though, for tomorrow I'll put you in a place where you won't have a chance to steal anything more for some years to come. In the meantime I give the smokehouse to be a good enough place for you to spend the night in."

So the unhappy lad, still doggedly silent, and feeling humiliated as never before in his life, was led away and thrust into the darkness of the stout log smokehouse, the door of which was securely padlocked behind him.

For the rest of the afternoon he remained there, and late at night the negro who carried him a supper of corn



Swampy.

also prompt to act, and as quickly as torches could be brought, they plunged again into the world of darkness of the vast swamp.

Within an hour, and less than a mile away, they found the child, sitting between two buttresses of a great, moss-lung cypress, and about her head, as though her little heart would break. Her dainty dress was torn, mudstained and thickly spattered with blood, although she, herself, was as safe and unharmed as when last held in her mother's arms.

Directly in front of her, and barring the recess formed by the projecting buttresses of the tree, lay a confused mass, which, as the torches were held lower for a closer inspection, resolved itself into two dead bodies.

One was that of a huge panther, bleeding from a dozen wounds, and with the knife that he dealt them driven deep into his heart.

The other body, frightfully torn and mangled, but with a hand still clutching the death-dealing knife that was that of a mere lad.

As one of the men turned it over and revealed the white, set face, he started back with an oath. "By—men, it's Swampy! and we've been a hunting him, while he's been here fighting to the death to save the child!"

They laid Swampy away the next day in the family burying ground of Cypress Knoll. The place from which he had been driven was proud to receive him. From those who had scorned him he had won the homage due only such as are willing to lay down their lives for their fellows.

All this happened many years ago. But to this day no stranger is allowed to pass the gate that opens the great South without listening to the story of Swampy, the young outcast of the Black Cypress.

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MY MAN JOHN.

HIS VIRTUES, HIS EXPLOITS AND HIS PERSONALITY.

By Archibald Forbes, War Correspondent.

Specially Contributed to The Times.

Goa is a forlorn and delayed settlement on the west coast of Hindustan, the last remaining relic of the once wide dominions of the Portuguese in India.

Its inhabitants are Roman Catholic, ever since, in the sixteenth century, St. Francis Xavier, the colleague of Loyola in founding the Society of Jesus, baptized the Goanese in a mass.

Its once splendid capital is now a misanthropic wreck; its cathedrals and churches are ruined and roofless, and only a few black nuns remain to keep alight the sacred fire before a crumbling altar.

Today the adult males of Goa, such of them as have any enterprise, emigrate into less dull and dead regions of India, and are found everywhere as cooks, ship stewards, messengers, and in similar menial capacities. They all call themselves Portuguese, and own high-sounding Portuguese surnames. Domingo de Gonzalez de Soto will cook your curry, Pedro de Guiterez is content to attend your children. The vice of these dusky nomenmen is their addiction to drink. The better sort are eager to serve as traveling servants, and when you have the luck to chance on a reasonably sober fellow, no better servant could be found anywhere. Being a Christian he has no caste, and has no religious scruples preventing him from wiping your razor after you have shaved, or from eating his dinner after your shadow has happened to fall across the table.

A SERVANT'S CLUB.

In Bombay there is a regular club or society of those Goanese traveling servants, and when the transient, far-farer lands in that city from the Peninsular and Oriental mail boat, one of the first things he is advised to do is to send round to the "Goa Club" and desire the secretary to send him a traveling servant.

The result is a lottery. The man arrives—mostly a good-looking fellow, tall and slight, of very dark complexion, with smooth glossy hair, large soft eyes, and well-cut features. He produces a packet of chafed and dingy testimonials of character from previous employers, all full of commendation, and not one of which is worth the paper it is written on, because the good-natured previous employer was too soft of heart to speak his mind on paper. If by chance a stern and ruthless person has characterized Bartolomeo de Braganza as drunken, lazy and dishonest, Bartolomeo, who has learned to read English, promptly destroys the "chit," and the stern man's object is thus frustrated.

G. P. HENTY'S LUCK.

When with the Prince of Wales during his tour in India, the man who fell to me—good, steady, honest Francis—was simply a dusky jewel. My comrade, Mr. Henty, the well-known author of so many books, rather crowded over me because Domingo, his man, seemed more than a match for my Francis. But Francis had often to attend on Henty as well as on myself, when Domingo, the quick-witted, was lying blind drunk at the back of the tent, and once again I have seen Henty carrying down on his back to the departing train the unconscious servant on whom, at the beginning, he had congratulated himself.

In the summer of 1878 there Al, the old Ameer of Afghanistan, took it into his head to pick a quarrel with the Viceroy of British India, Lord Lytton, who was always smiling for a fight himself, and thus there was every prospect of a lively little war.

If war should occur, it was my duty to be in the thick of it, and I reached Bombay well in time to see the opening of the campaign.

Knowing the ropes, within an hour of landing I sent to the "Goa Club" for a servant, begging that if possible I might have worthy Francis, who had fully satisfied me during the tour of the Prince. Francis was not available, so I was sent a tall, prepossessing-looking young man, who presented himself as "John Assisio de Compostella de Crucis," but was quite content to answer to the name of "John."

I CURED JOHN OF FUELLING.

John seemed a capable man, but was occasionally muzzy. After visiting Simla, the headquarters of the Viceroy, I started for the frontier where the army was mustering. On the way down I spent a couple of days at Umballa to buy kit and saddlery. The train by which I was going to travel up country was due at Umballa at midnight. I instructed John to have everything at the depot in good time, and went to dine at the mess of the carabinieri.

In due time I reached the station, accompanied by several officers of that fine regiment. The train was at the platform, my belongings I found in a chaotic heap, crowned by John fast asleep, who, when awakened, proved to be extremely drunk. I could not dispense with the man; I had to cure him. There was but one chance of doing this. I gave him then and there a severe beating. A fatigued party of carabinieri pitched my kit into the baggage car, and threw John in after it. Next day he was sore, but penitent. He was redeemed without resorting to the chloride of gold cure, and in his case at least I was quite as successful a practitioner as any Dr. Keely could have been. John de Compostella, etc., was a dead sober man during my subsequent experiences of him, at least till close on the time we parted.

JOHN IN THE BLOODY PASSES.

And once cured of fuelling, he turned out a most worthy and efficient fellow. He lacked dash, but was as true as steel. In the attack on Ali Musjib in the

throat of the Khyber Pass the native grooms, who were leading my horse, and hind me being demoralized by the rather heavy fire of big cannon balls from the fort, and skulked to the rear with the horse. John had no call to come under fire, since the grooms were specially paid for doing so; but abusing the latter for cowardly in the expressive vernacular of India, he laid hold of the reins and was up right at my back just as the close musketry fighting began. He took his chances, though it manfully, and my pack-pony up within half an hour after the fighting was over, and before the darkness fell, had cooked a capital little dinner for myself and comrade, whose commissariat had gone astray.

Next morning the fort was found evacuated. I determined to ride back down the pass to the field-telegraph post at its mouth. The General wrote in my note-book a telegram announcing the good news to the Commander-in-Chief, and poor Cavignari, the political officer who was afterward massacred at Cabul, wrote another message to the same effect to the Viceroy. I expected to have to walk some distance back to our bivouac of the night; but lo! as I turned to go, there was John with my horse, close up.

In one of the hill expeditions, the advanced section of the force I accompanied had to penetrate a narrow and gloomy pass which was beset on either side by swarms of Afghans, who slated us severely with their long range jezails. With this leading detachment there somehow was no surgeon, and as



"I gave him then and there a sound beating," men were going down and something had to be done, it devolved upon me, as having some experience in this kind of work in previous campaigns, to undertake a spell of amateur surgery.

John behaved magnificently as my assistant. With his light touch and long, limber hands, the fellow seemed to have a natural instinct for successful bandaging. I was glad that we could do no more than bandage and that we had no instruments, else I believe that John would have been able to undertake a capital operation. As for the Afghan bullets, he did not shrink as they splashed on the stones around him; he did not treat them with disdain; he simply ignored them.

The soldiers swore that he ought to have the war medal for the good and plucky work he was doing, and a major protested that if his full titles, which John always gave in full when his name was asked, had not been so confoundingly long, he would have asked the General to mention the Goa man in his dispatch.

John liked war, but he was not fond of the rapid changes of temperature upon the "roof of the world" in Afghanistan. During one twenty-four hours at Jellalabad, we had one man killed by a sunstroke and another frozen to death on a severe duty in the night. On Christmas morning when I arose at sunrise, the thermometer was far below freezing point; the water in the brass basin in my tent was frozen solid, and I was glad to wrap myself in furs. At noon the thermometer was over all so hot as to make me feel as if I were in a furnace. John, who was with me, said that we could take off our flesh and sit in our bones. John was delighted when, as there seemed no immediate prospect of further hostilities in Afghanistan, I departed therefrom to pay a visit to King Theabaw of Burmah, who since had been established in his capital.

JOHN AND I START FOR ZULU LAND.

When in his capital of Mandalay there came to me a telegram from England informing me of the massacre by the Zulus of a thousand British soldiers at Isandlwana in South Africa, and instructing me to hurry thither with all possible speed. John had none of the Hindu dislike to cross the "dark water," and he accompanied me to Aden, where we made connection with a pretty little steamer which called into every port and fever-smelling Portuguese port all along the east coast of Africa, and at length dropped us at Durban, the seat of the British colony of Natal, in South Africa, and the base of the warlike operations against the Zulus.

There are many Hindoos engaged on the Natal sugar plantations, and in that particularly one-horse colony every native of Indian origin is indiscriminately by the term of "coolie." John, it is true, was a native of India, but he was no "coolie;" he could read, write and speak English, and was altogether a superior person. I would not take him up to be bullied and demeaned as "coolies" and I made him an arrangement with the proprietor of my hotel that during my absence John should help to wait in the restaurant.

During the Zulu campaign I was abominably served by a lazy African under a lazier Sir. Helena Bay. When I found that I was to be paid for my services, I was glad to return to Durban and take passage for India.

John, I found, had during my absence become one of the prominent inhabitants of Durban. He had now the full charge of the hotel restaurant—he was the center of the hotel table, with men under him to whom he said, "this," and they did it. His skill in dishes new to Natal, especially in curries, had crowded the restaurant, and the landlord had taken the opportunity of raising his tariff. He came to me privately, and said frankly that John was making his fortune for him; that he was willing to give him a share in his business in a year's time if he would but stay, and meantime was ready to pay him a stipend of \$20 a week.

The wages at which John served me, and I had been told that I was paying him extravagantly, were \$11 a month. I told the landlord that I should not think of standing in the way of my man's prosperity, but would rather influence him in favor of an opportunity so promising.

Then I sent for John, explained to him the hotel keeper's proposal, and suggested that he should take time to

think the matter over. John went. "I stay here, master, not if it was 100 rupees a day. I go with master; I no stop in Durban." Nothing would shake his resolve, and so John and I came to England together.

JOHN MAKES A SENSATION IN ENGLAND.

The only thing John did not like in England was that the street boys insisted on regarding him as a Zulu, and treating him contemptuously accordingly.

The great delight was when I went on a round of visits to country houses, and took him with me as a valet. Then he was the hero of the servants' hall. I will not say that he lied, but from anecdotes of him that occasionally came to my ears, it would seem he created the impression that he habitually rode, knee-deep, and that he was in the habit of contemplating with equanimity battlefields littered with the slaughtered combatants.

John was quite the small lion of the hour. He had very graceful ways, and great skill in making tasteful houses. These he would present to the ladies of the household when they came down stairs of a morning, with a graceful salaam, and the expression of a hope that they had slept well.

The spectacle of John, seen from the drawing-room window of Chevening, Lord Stanhope's great house, as he swaggered across the park to church one Sunday morning in frock coat and silk hat, with a buxom cook on one arm and a tall and lean lady's maid on the other, will never be effaced from the recollection of those who witnessed it with shrieks of laughter.

HOW I CAME TO PART WITH JOHN.

In those days I lived in a flat, my modest establishment consisting of an old housekeeper and John. For the most part my two domestics were good friends, but there were periods of estrangement, during which they were not on speaking terms; and then they sat on opposite sides of the kitchen table, and communicated with each other exclusively by written notes of an excessively formal character passed across the table. This stiffness of etiquette had its amusing side, but was occasionally embarrassing, since neither was uniformly intelligible with the pen.

The result was that sometimes I got no dinner at all, and at other times, when I was dining alone, the housekeeper, with the profusion, and when I had company there would not be enough to go round; those awkwardnesses arising from the absence of a good understanding between my two domestics.

I could not part with the old housekeeper, and I began rather to tire of John, whose head had become considerably swollen because of the notice which he had been taken of him. It was all very well to be in a position to gratify ladies who were giving dinner parties, and who wrote me little notes asking for the recipe for a few hours of John, to make that wonderful prawn curry of which he had the sole recipe. But John used to return from that culinary operation very late, and with indications that his beverage during his exertions had not been wholly confined to water.

To my knowledge he had a wife in Goa, yet I feared he had his flirtations here in London. Once I charged him with inconstancy to the lady in Goa; but he repudiated the aspersion with the quaint denial:

"No, master, many ladies are loving me, but I don't love ladies."

However, I had in view to spend a winter in the States, and resolved to send John home. He wept copiously when I told him of this resolve, and professed his anxiety to die in my service. But I remained firm, and re-



He swaggared across the park to the church.

He never fulfilled his promise of writing to me, and I gave up the expectation of hearing of him any more. I met "MR. COMPOSTELLA DE CRUCIS," some two years later I went to Australia by way of San Francisco and New Zealand. At Auckland I found letters and newspapers awaiting me from Sydney and Melbourne. Among the papers was a Melbourne illustrated journal, on a page of which I found a full-length portrait of the redoubtable John, his many-eyebled name given at full length, with a memoir of his military experience, affixed to which was a fac simile of the certificate of character which I had given him when we parted.

It was further stated that "Mr. Compostella de Crucis" was for the present serving in the capacity of butler to a financial magnate in one of the suburbs of Melbourne, but that it was his intention to purchase the good-will of a thriving restaurant named.

Among the first to greet me on the Melbourne jetty was a radiant man, and I had been told that I was paying him extravagantly, were \$11 a month. I told the landlord that I should not think of standing in the way of my man's prosperity, but would rather influence him in favor of an opportunity so promising.

Then I sent for John, explained to him the hotel keeper's proposal, and suggested that he should take time to

FOR beauty, for comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Foxon's Powder (there's nothing equal to it).

EASTER'S EGG FROLIC.

A TIMELY STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Specially Contributed to The Times.

Across the street lives a little girl named Easter. You can guess why she is so named. She was born on Easter morning.

Last spring she gave a birthday party. There were nine boys and nine girls invited, and not one of the eighteen sent regrets.

When they were all in the parlor sitting around with hands in laps, very demure, as children usually are when they are getting ready to make the whole house ring, Easter's older sister came in and said, while Easter herself sat surprised:

"I have hidden little Easter eggs in these two rooms in all sorts of funny nests. Now listen: When Easter says 'ready,' as she must when I wave my handkerchief, you must all start egg-hunting, around in these parlors. You mustn't run; you mustn't crowd each other, and you must be as quiet as possible. Each one is to have all the eggs that he finds, and the one who finds the



Hunting Easter eggs—Ruth's discovery.

most is to have a present, and the one who gets the smallest number is to have something to console him. Easter doesn't know where any of the eggs are hidden. Now, I'll give you baskets to go and hunt for a few hours of John, to make that wonderful prawn curry of which he had the sole recipe. But John used to return from that culinary operation very late, and with indications that his beverage during his exertions had not been wholly confined to water.

To my knowledge he had a wife in Goa, yet I feared he had his flirtations here in London. Once I charged him with inconstancy to the lady in Goa; but he repudiated the aspersion with the quaint denial:

"No, master, many ladies are loving me, but I don't love ladies."

However, I had in view to spend a winter in the States, and resolved to send John home. He wept copiously when I told him of this resolve, and professed his anxiety to die in my service. But I remained firm, and re-

The eggs were found in surprising places, in vases, in the piano, pinned in curtains, in a doll's pocket, behind pictures, under cushions, in table drawers. As the search went on words grew louder, the girls more eager, the laughing merrier. But the children didn't break or overturn things, because valuable and delicate things had been put out of the way. All the little folks kept in good temper, though small boy Tommy in kilts cried some, partly from disappointment and partly because Myron Dart pushed him.

But at length the findings were few and far between, and the interest began to flag; the two who believed they had good chances for the prize began to call for "counts."

Easter's sister did the counting, writing on a card the findings of each child. The room was breathless as she said:

"Tommy has the smallest number; he has one egg."

At this announcement Tommy began to yell, demanded his hat that he might go home and tell his mamma.

Easter, who stood next to Tommy in the line said: "Why, yes, Tommy has more than me."

"Oh, but Easter cheated," cried Myron Dart, who stood on Tommy's other side. "She has just put eggs out of her basket into Tommy's. I have seen her do it."

"You'd better give Tommy some of your eggs instead of telling on Easter," Ruth Clark said with a fush.

All this time Easter's sister was trying to get in some words between Tommy's shrieks.

"But see here, Tommy, we are going to give you a present to make up for your not getting many eggs."

The yelling suddenly ceased, and Tommy wiped his two eyes on his two fists.

The announcement continued: "Ruth Clark and Chucky Potter have the most eggs, and they have exactly the same number. They'll have to draw straws."

"Give the prize to Ruth; I shan't mind," said fat, good-natured Chucky. "But I mind," Ruth said. "Catch me taking half your prize, Chucky Potter."

"I will tell you," said Easter's sister, full-length portrait of the redoubtable John, his many-eyebled name given at full length, with a memoir of his military experience, affixed to which was a fac simile of the certificate of character which I had given him when we parted.

It was further stated that "Mr. Compostella de Crucis" was for the present serving in the capacity of butler to a financial magnate in one of the suburbs of Melbourne, but that it was his intention to purchase the good-will of a thriving restaurant named.

Among the first to greet me on the Melbourne jetty was a radiant man, and I had been told that I was paying him extravagantly, were \$11 a month. I told the landlord that I should not think of standing in the way of my man's prosperity, but would rather influence him in favor of an opportunity so promising.

Ruth, noting this queer speech, looked sharply at the speaker, and directly she cried out in great excitement: "I see one of the eggs, it's in your ear."

Running forward she stood on tip-toe, and picked the guilty egg from the sister's ear, while all the children came crowding around, laughing and saying things that the printer couldn't put in here without using up all his exclamatory points. Then they looked in the sister's other ear, rummaged her hair, demanded that she should show the palms of her hands and open her laughing mouth. But they found no other egg about her.

Then there was another search about the room, but it was spiritless, so sure were the egg-hunters that there would be no findings.

"Oh, just give the prize to Ruth," said Chucky, "and let's play blind man's buff."

"But where can those other eggs be?" said Ruth, her curiosity well up.

"I have a large handkerchief for blind-finding," persisted Chucky, feeling in his pocket. "Well, I do declare," he cried out. "Here's an egg in my pocket! You put it there—I know you did!"

The sister did not deny the charge. "Again, you and Ruth have a tie. Now, push ahead and find the other egg. There's just one more. Among the blue eggs there is one of candy. A prize is going to be given to that one."



most is to have a present, and the one who gets the smallest number is to have something to console him. Easter doesn't know where any of the eggs are hidden. Now, I'll give you baskets to go and hunt for a few hours of John, to make that wonderful prawn curry of which he had the sole recipe. But John used to return from that culinary operation very late, and with indications that his beverage during his exertions had not been wholly confined to water.

To my knowledge he had a wife in Goa, yet I feared he had his flirtations here in London. Once I charged him with inconstancy to the lady in Goa; but he repudiated the aspersion with the quaint denial:

"No, master, many ladies are loving me, but I don't love ladies."

However, I had in view to spend a winter in the States, and resolved to send John home. He wept copiously when I told him of this resolve, and professed his anxiety to die in my service. But I remained firm, and re-

The eggs were found in surprising places, in vases, in the piano, pinned in curtains, in a doll's pocket, behind pictures, under cushions, in table drawers. As the search went on words grew louder, the girls more eager, the laughing merrier. But the children didn't break or overturn things, because valuable and delicate things had been put out of the way. All the little folks kept in good temper, though small boy Tommy in kilts cried some, partly from disappointment and partly because Myron Dart pushed him.

But at length the findings were few and far between, and the interest began to flag; the two who believed they had good chances for the prize began to call for "counts."

Easter's sister did the counting, writing on a card the findings of each child. The room was breathless as she said:

"Tommy has the smallest number; he has one egg."

At this announcement Tommy began to yell, demanded his hat that he might go home and tell his mamma.

Easter, who stood next to Tommy in the line said: "Why, yes, Tommy has more than me."

"Oh, but Easter cheated," cried Myron Dart, who stood on Tommy's other side. "She has just put eggs out of her basket into Tommy's. I have seen her do it."

"You'd better give Tommy some of your eggs instead of telling on Easter," Ruth Clark said with a fush.

All this time Easter's sister was trying to get in some words between Tommy's shrieks.

"But see here, Tommy, we are going to give you a present to make up for your not getting many eggs."

The yelling suddenly ceased, and Tommy wiped his two eyes on his two fists.

The announcement continued: "Ruth Clark and Chucky Potter have the most eggs, and they have exactly the same number. They'll have to draw straws."

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Then I sent for John, explained to him the hotel keeper's proposal, and suggested that he should take time to

FOR beauty, for comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Foxon's Powder (there's nothing equal to it).

AMERICAN POSTERS.

PICTURES IN WHICH THIS COUNTRY LEADS THE WORLD.

The Growth of Lithography and Its Relation to the Art of Advertising Theatrical Attractions—How the Business Has Been Built Up.

The American poster has utterly changed its standing since the printers have been producing these wonderful lithographs. It has become an artistic creation. Wood cuts may be as fine and delicate as etchings, but in poster work they depended on their coarseness. They needed to be bold and conspicuous, and the printing of them required such a great amount of ink that any fine work that might have been done upon them would have been clogged up and become a great blot. The old fashioned poster picture was always a wood cut and was always coarse and rude.

With the advent of lithography into the business not only artistic drawing, but brilliant color effects became possible. The Americans found few artists here who were accustomed to the work. There were famous painters who were masters in the employment of color, but it was not possible to employ them in a calling that had not then attracted wide attention and that in all probability never will rank near to the position of high art. Moreover, lithography is a science by itself. It does not permit the execution of the design that is aimed at. It requires the artist to reach an effect indirectly by drawing a picture as a looking glass reflects a figure, with the right side of the stone making the left side of the finished work. The best artists who have mastered this trick are the cartoonists upon the leading weekly papers that produce pictures in colors.

The number of men who were competent to produce the American poster of today was very small when the printers took up lithography. Europe, however, was a rich treasury of clever draftsmen and colorists, who were trained to lithographic work. To Europe the American poster printers went for their talent, and the consequence has been that today the leading poster artists in this country are nearly all Europeans. They are Frenchmen, Germans and Russians. They have been imported in this country as fast as they have attracted attention in their own capitals.

The custom of recruiting their ranks with men of their own nationalities still goes on. The American poster is, therefore, in one sense a foreign product. The artists, the process, the lithographic stones—all are brought from abroad. Even so, the poster in use on the dead walls of the country, though made here, is manufactured of fiber that is imported.

But the finished product of this foreign combination is as truly American as the enterprise and judgment that led up to it. So American are our tastes in fact, that today the most attractive fence and wall advertising done in London, Paris, Madrid and Berlin is printed in Cincinnati and New York. It is not merely the Barnum circus, the Kralffy spectacle or the series of Yankee patent medicines that are thus exploited abroad. The Europeans themselves send here to get their posters. It is a curious circumstance that the same artist who in Paris turned out an artistic but old-fashioned, unattractive little placard now sends from America to the same Paris firm the stunning, showy, beautiful designs that are everywhere classified as "American."

There are no secrets in the making of the new style poster except that the biggest, most successful printers are those that employ the best talent, show the most enterprise and spend the most money for the best materials and masters. They give out the figure work to the figure men, the lettering to the best designers, the color work to the men whose skill as colorists has attracted wide attention. They pay good wages. There are poster artists who are getting \$15,000 a year, or perhaps more than any painter or illustrator on any magazine or in any studio in this country.

The fidelity of the likenesses to the originals in the theatrical bills is due to photography. There are no portrait painters in the new poster shops. The actor or actress who is to be portrayed—as in the case of the famous portraits of Mr. Crane as the Senator and Johnstone Bennett as Jane—were, if they are like the rest of their kind, photographed up to the required size, and then the photograph was used as the basis of the drawing or painting. Effective scenes and situations are given by the artist in the same way that any spectator in an orchestra chair sees them, except that the actors and actresses often pose for him alone, and their photographs are carried away by him in his notebook.

It has been said that nearly all the leading poster artists are foreigners. It is true, therefore that a few are Americans. One of the very best of them, whose figure work attracted wide attention, was Mr. Crane, who until lately lived and worked in this city, and there are now in town at least two other first class figure men, who like half a dozen famous painters and illustrators, graduated from the art department of the now defunct Daily Graphic. To step aside from the actual poster, there are found in the workshops of the great bank note companies other Americans, employed as designers in the money. The good work done on our dead walls has wrested praise from the men who are engaged in the higher lines of artist industry. It was at a dinner to Henry E. Abbey, when the best artists in the country were present, a couple of years ago, that a toast was drunk to the American poster. With no healthy prejudice to break down, and in view of the money that the printers are spending, it is safe to predict that Americans will contribute more and more to the glory and success of our poster until at last it will be American in the most literal sense of the word.

Is Migration an Instinct? Cats and dogs travel, almost incredible distances to their homes over a route never traversed but once, and that once often with eyes blind. If nature has planted in them an instinct so nearly resembling the governing cause of migration among birds, why may we not look to instinct as the cause of the annual flight? They fly direct from one perch to another without hesitation or delay, and often the young birds precede the old ones. Their flight has been the cause of many beautiful poems, and poet and moralist alike have found an inspiration in their yearly journeys. And, in fact, even to the most prosaic imagination there is something in their mysterious goings and comings which speaks to the soul.

We are unmistakably taught by them that there is a power higher and stronger than any we have known as a part of this earth—a power which is not latent and unused, or when discovered used and controlled by man as the electricity and steam, but a power in active operation controlling and compelling obedience.

Mrs. J. B. Southworth in Albany Journal.

Gold Discovery by Magnet. "I was one of the first to discover gold in the Ember district of New South Wales," said Harold Meyer, a wealthy citizen of Australia, who is stopping at the Lindell.

"The fact that gold existed there was not known until 1864, when I announced my discovery by staking my claim and beginning operations. My discovery was purely accidental. It was rather interesting, as you'll agree, to own a large cattle ranch in the Ember district, a very fertile territory, to say the least. For my own accommodation I dug a well, and some nine feet down I struck quite a small stream, that fed the well most excellently. One day, some two months after the well had been finished, I accidentally dropped a magnet into it. I

tried in a dozen different ways to secure it again, but to no purpose. Finally I gave the magnet up in disgust. Some three weeks later I visited Sydney and while there thought to secure a magnet.

"When I reached home, I immediately prepared to recover the old one. I lowered my purchase, fastened to a cord, down into the well and slowly moved it about. After three-quarters of an hour of anxious waiting I felt that I had a double load of something and pulled up. It was my magnet, but apparently woefully changed. It was covered completely with shining particles that I could not immediately explain. Upon examination I found that they were gold. I repeated the experiment, and in 24 hours the magnet made quite a showing. Of course I began investigating various portions of the land and soon found that I had a rich tract."—St. Louis

A GREAT FISH STORY.

HOW THE REPUTATION OF A TOWN WAS IRREPARABLY RUINED.

Mayville Had a Great Run of Bullheads Once and All the Inhabitants of the Place Never Tire of Telling About It, but Nobody Believes It.

I have received permission to tell the boys of the town of Mayville, Wis., that I do so in a truthful and temperate manner. I do not know how to obey this injunction better than by giving it in the words of Dr. Clark of Mayville, Wis., from whom we first heard it.

"These events happened before the war," said he. "They are so singular and improbable that I always hesitate about telling the story. You will probably laugh at me and not believe me, yet every word of this is true. The winter of 1860 was very cold. At that time a vast lake covered the whole region where Horicon is now. The lake was full of fish, and when the ice had frozen deep over every portion of the lake these fish became distressed for air. The Rock river, as you know, is a lively stream here, and as you have noticed it has a stretch of swift water just below the great dam at Kekoskee. This dam existed at the time of the story. You have looked with your own eyes upon the very spot where these incidents occurred.

"The fish, unable to breathe in the half solid lake, crowded up the live channel of the Rock river, making for the hole which the swift water kept open, in the ice below Kekoskee dam. Most of these fish were bullheads, and no run of salmon ever equaled this run of bullheads. It is six miles from the lake up to Kekoskee dam, and the ice on the river was two feet thick, yet the whole herd of the fish was further from the heavy covering of tough ice in places rolled and tossed like the waves of the sea, so desperate was the struggle of the horny beast beneath it.

"The first arrival of the run of fish at the open hole was marked by a great dam of bullheads 50 feet across and about 15 feet high. The pressure of the fish behind was simply enormous. The fish could not get back in the water and so slid out on the ice, covering it in every direction for hundreds of yards to a depth varying from six inches to two feet.

"The air was filled with a strange, low, murmuring sound which could be heard nearly a mile around. Old settlers say they never heard such a sound since. Dreading some unknown calamity, they hastened to the spot, and there they saw the scene, their dread was turned to joy.

"Before noon of that day every team of the whole neighborhood was at the dam hauling bullheads. The amount of bullheads taken from the spot I hesitate to state, for you will not believe it. They always laugh at us when we tell this story, and think we have gone crazy. In Wisconsin the term 'Kekoskee man' is used to designate any man who has a wheel in his head. No Kekoskee man has been believed on oath or admitted to a jury in Wisconsin since 1880. This unkind reputation has ruined the town. You see it is all true, almost deserted, a few empty buildings standing as monuments to a town martyred unto ruin by too strict an adherence to the truth. For every word of this story is true.

"If you will come with me about a mile out into the woods, I will show you the spot where the Widow Schneider, now an old lady, the Widow Schneider will tell you that on one morning she counted 900 wagonloads of bullheads on their way from the dam below the dam. This was only one morning, and the run lasted for two weeks. Of course this number was exaggerated, but only a part of those who passed, and this was on only one road of several leading out into the country.

"The bullheads were shoveled into the wagons like potatoes, and the regular price was 25 cents a load, a normal run, to cover the shoveling only. One man who shoveled there bought him a farm in this vicinity with the money so earned.

"The bullheads were hauled out into the country and used largely for manure. There is no richer land in Wisconsin than this has been since 1860. All the farmers fed the bullheads to their hogs, and for two years after that you couldn't get a decent piece of pork in this part of the state. It was all fishy. The hogs all took naturally to worms and liver after that, and some of them evinced rudimentary skills behind the ears. Oh, I don't blame you for doubting this. They all do.

"There was a ford in the road at this point of the river, but the wagons could not get into the water. After the first eruption of bullheads had subsided planks were laid across on the living pontoon bridge of fish, and on these the teams crossed.

"Even after the run had subsided very much dogs and children were known to run across the open hole on the backs of the bullheads. Still later in the run, after the fish had thinned out, a man well known in this community, Julius Cornell, slipped from the ice and fell into the water. He could not get into the water for the fish. You smile at it. I do not blame you. We are used to it. No one ever believes this story.

"After the bullheads thinned out so they could get a spear through them so they lay in a matted layer, it was discovered that there were layers of bass and pickerel lower down in the water.

"Of course everybody that winter lived on bullheads, and they were used in many ways. As I have said, the farmers fed them to their hogs. We had a lazy sort of expression named Brush, and he owned a fall down old horse which dated back to the Mexican war and was called Santa Ana. Brush insisted that he was too poor to buy Santa Ana, and so he fed him bullheads all winter. The horse was evering the horse had to eat for six months. Oh, laugh if you want to; we're used to it. But I'll take you out and show you Santa Ana, a good, healthy sort of a horse today. Brush has moved to Bayfield, but ask any citizen of this town if Santa Ana didn't live on bullheads, and if he don't tell you just what I have I'll retract the whole story. You needn't think for a minute that I'm talking to you out of my head. These things are all facts, and you can get all the proof you want. You just go out alone; don't take me along, but just stop any citizen of Mayville you meet and ask him how about the Kekoskee bullheads. That's all I ask you to do. You just sift this story and see if you don't find it true."

We did sift the story, and we did find it true. That is the singular thing about the story, and that is why I call it the most remarkable story I ever heard. The facts themselves are not beyond the range of imagination, but to have a whole community rise up and tell the story, that proves that imagination had nothing to do with it, and that the facts are facts pure and simple. Ordinarily one man tells a fish story. Here 900 tell it, and tell it just the same. The evidence is legal, convincing, overwhelming. In the total it makes up the grandest fish story that ever was—Forest and Stream.

Real Helpmeets.

There are many men who have learned that since marriage their modest incomes go further in the acquirement of necessities, comforts and sometimes luxuries, even with the increased obligations that they did in their bachelor days. To the true woman her husband's interests are her own, and she shares her expenditures to meet his circumstances.—New York Press.

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THE DISADVANTAGES OF BIGNESS.

Some Remarkable Facts About the Great State of Texas.

The fat boy in the museum remarked one day that proportions such as his had their great disadvantages. This statement of a profound truth, based upon personal experience, seems to apply very well to the state of Texas. There are disadvantages in bigness. This fact will impress any one who reads the report prepared by General Adolphus W. Greely, chief signal officer, of the Climatic Conditions of Texas.

The geographies, as a rule, do not help one to acquire correct notions of the size of Texas. The state is so large that few atlas sheets show it on the same scale as other states, except on general maps of the country. Studying Alabama on one map sheet and Texas on another, the attention of the student is seldom called to the fact that Texas is shown on a much smaller scale than Alabama, and very likely he leaves school with quite erroneous notions of the size of Texas as compared with Alabama and other states.

Although Texas belongs to the drainage basin of the Atlantic, its extreme western part in El Paso county is about 300 miles nearer to Pacific waters than to the Gulf of Mexico. A part of the Panhandle is nearer to the Great Salt Lake of Utah than to the Gulf of Mexico. Fourteen of the 228 counties are larger than the state of Delaware. The distance from El Paso to the eastern boundary of the state is as great as that from New York city to Chicago. The north-west corner of the Panhandle is as far from the southern boundary at Brownsville as Chicago is from Mobile. While the extreme northern part of Texas is in about the same latitude as Norfolk, the most southern part of the state is scarcely 100 miles north of Key West.

Texas is one of our great seaboard states, only California and Florida exceeding it in length of coast, and yet these two large regions in the west are further from the sea than many of our political divisions in the interior, such as Idaho, Nevada, Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio.

It must make the intelligent citizen of the great state smile when he is asked, "How about the climate of Texas?" As Texas enjoys a variety of climates, it takes some time adequately to answer so comprehensive a question. The state extends across 11 degrees of latitude. While snow and ice are practically unknown in its southern portion, there are large areas across which the severe "norther" sweeps, and where a temperature far below the freezing point is not uncommon.

General Greely sums up the climatic diversities of Texas in a striking manner when he says, "The apple and olive, cotton and wheat, the rain forest, some portions of the state have less than an inch a month and are a part of the arid regions, while other sections have more than an inch a week."—New York Sun.

Heat and Life.

We often speak of our bodies as machines or engines working upon principles similar to those employed in mechanics. The idea that the food we eat resembles in its action the fuel supplied to a furnace is familiar, and yet one can hardly avoid a little start of surprise upon finding the laws of heat engines so closely applied to explain the growth of plant and animal life.

This has been done by Mr. J. Parker before the Philosophical Society in London. He points out, for instance, that the increase of available energy resulting from the building up of a plant out of inorganic materials can only be explained in accordance with thermo-dynamic laws, by differences of temperature during the growth of the plant, and his calculations show that the difference between day and night is quite sufficient to account for the differences of temperature required.

Similar principles apply to the growth of animals. Nature gives nothing for nothing and demands an exact equivalent for every expenditure of her energies, whether she is aiding man to drive an engine, causing an oak to grow or building up the muscles of an athlete or the brain of a philosopher, and as far as her work upon our planet is concerned the source of her supplies in all these cases is the sun.—Youth's Companion.

The Most Wonderful Death in History.

The death of Kenith, the half mythical king of Scotland, was one of the most remarkable in all history—that is, if it can consistently be called an historical fact. According to the story, Kenith had killed a son and brother of the warlike Fennella. She, for revenge, caused Wiltus, the most ingenious artist of the time, to fashion an automatic death-dealing machine—a wonderful statue filled with hidden springs, levers, etc. When finished and set up, this "brazen image" was an admirable work of art. In its right hand it held a basin and in the left an apple of pure gold, both set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch the apple was to die, and it being so arranged that any one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled by poisoned arrows shot from loop holes in the body of the statue. Kenith was invited to come and inspect the wonder, and kinglike, and just as Fennella had hoped, he tried to pluck the precious imitation fruit. The moment his hand touched the incriminated jewel he was filled with poisoned arrows, dying where he fell.—Ex-change.

The Flight of Birds.

Birds flying from South America in the spring generally pass over water for a considerable portion of the way, crossing the Caribbean sea and then flying along the coast for some distance. These must encounter storms, of course, and undoubtedly many are annually lost. Another danger is the light houses along the coast. In foggy weather thousands are dashed to death against the glass and are found underneath the following day. As we well know, the homing instinct is strong in birds, insects, and many of the lower animals. The bee flying far from the hive, takes a "bee-line" for the hive at twilight, and the homing pigeon meets with no difficulty in finding his way home.—Mrs. J. B. Southworth in Albany Journal.

Aluminum.

It is stated that Dr. Meyer of Berlin has discovered a process by means of which aluminum can be produced at twopence per pound. In 1828 the price was \$1,000 per pound. The price today is 4 shillings per pound. Here we have vast possibilities opened to us. There is said to be 10 times more aluminum in the world than there is of iron, lead, copper, zinc, nickel, gold and silver combined. It is stronger than iron and more malleable than copper, as hard as silver and one-fourth the weight, as white as polished steel and is unaffected by the atmosphere.—Amateur Photographer.

Real Hospitable.

"Did Mr. Cumsio seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?" asked Mr. Gaskett of his new collector.

"No, sir," replied the young man. "On the contrary, he asked me to call again."—Harper's Bazar.

A Surprise For the Child.

A little Kentucky girl, kind and polite, went into the kitchen one morning to see her "Old Mammy" and was astonished to find her mother cooking breakfast, the cook being ill. "Why, mamma," said she, "I didn't know you was a brown lady."—New York Tribune.

Some Use Yet.

Mother (reprovingly)—Every doll you have has lost an arm or a leg or a head, and some have nothing left but the body. Now, what are you going to do?

Little Ethel (thoughtfully)—I don't know, unless I play the museum.—Good News.

When Frederick built his famous palace of Sans Souci, there happened to be a mill that greatly hampered him in the execution of his plans, and he asked the miller for

POWER OF RIDICULE.

EXAMPLES OF THE FORCE OF THAT KEENEST OF WEAPONS.

Elections Have Been Lost, Governments Shaken, Orations Ruined and Many Reformers Instituted by Well Timed Shaftes From the Mouths of Clever Men.

There is a story of an astute old French lady of the last century, who when her son was setting out on his travels "to see the world," bade him beware among other dangers of the "railway" of Parisian society and of "the mob" in London. Ridicule has always been a very potent weapon, and "to appear ridiculous" (with a capital R) was the dread of all who aspired to be social successes in the fashionable circles of the past. Even Addison and Horace Walpole shrank from such a fate. Many a cause has been injured by well timed ridicule. The eighteenth century author who wrote of the "specter" of these minute pits, and chronicled the fate that befell "my little Jacky" after he had "touched one of the planks of the life guards" (highlanders, of course) "in Hyde park" was bound to have done as good service to the government as a troop of horse" by his coarse pleasantry.

There is a story that at one of the late provincial elections the friends of the candidate who appeared likely to come in unopposed issued an appeal to the voters to "Hill for — and the flowing tide." The opposition leaders promptly replied underneath, "Vote for — and the flowing tide"—a sentence which so amused the electorate that a number of voters forsook their own color to "vote for that sharp witted chap." It is a well known story how Burke's tragic action in flinging the dagger at the foot of the house of commons was turned into pathos by the cruel orator who arose to remark, "The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where's the fork?"

There is a story of the eccentric view of Morwenston, Mr. Hawker, once attending a religious meeting about the time of the "Oxford movement," at which one speaker waxed eloquent regarding the "evils of sacerdotalism," and declared amid much applause that he would "never, never be priest ridden." Mr. Hawker quietly scribbled the following lines on a slip of paper and handed them to the excited orator. Thou ridden'nt ever shalt be by priest or priest; Balaam is dead, and none but he would choose thee for his beast.

The unfortunate speaker rose no more that evening.

It was by the force of ridicule that frivolous Parisian society successfully combated the proposed reforms of Louis XVI's prudent minister. "Silhouettes" were introduced as examples of the economy which could only afford scraps of black paper instead of portraits, and other ingenious ways the proposed financial reforms were "laughed out of court." The Parisian populace is still marvelously apt in giving a ridiculous aspect to any political situation, as the clever toys and pictures which appear like mushrooms on the boulevards after any political crisis has passed.

Many an eloquent speech has been ruined by a sarcastic epigram. "Do you doubt my evidence, my lord?" exclaimed a witness to a judge who had seemed to cast some doubt upon his exact veracity. "Why, I have been wedded to truth from my childhood."

"Yes, but the question is, how long have you been a widower?" was the dry retort. The eccentric Cornish vicar (Mr. Hawker) was wont to allow his church to remain in somewhat picturesque untidiness—a neglect which he ascribed to the fact that he was a curate, who one day brought a weasel in a barrow, filled it with all the remains of Christmas decorations, odds and ends of matches, etc., which he had picked up in the church, and then carted the whole to the vicar's door.

"I have brought you all the rubbish I have found in your church," said the curate reproachfully, expecting to utterly shame his careless superior.

"Not all," was the quiet reply. "If you will kindly seat yourself on the heap in the barrow I will see that the whole is speedily carted away."

"How sad is clerical intolerance," sighed a worthy dissenting lady. "Do you know, the clergyman in my parish actually objects to bury us!" "Come to me, then, I shall be too happy to bury you," was the reply, so by means attributed Sydney Smith, sometimes called an "eccentric" and "a kindly apologist of a somewhat unpopular public character." "Yes, but the misfortune is that he has never gone over," was the cruel comment.

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how much he would sell it. The miller replied that for a long series of years his family had owned the mill, which had passed from father to son, and that he could not sell it for any price. The king used every solicitation, offered to build him a mill in a better place and pay him besides any sum he might demand, but the obstinate miller still persisted in his determination to preserve the inheritance of his ancestors.

At last, after his constant importuning, the king sent for him and said in an angry tone: "Why do you refuse to sell your mill, notwithstanding all the advantages I have offered you?"

The miller repeated his reasons. "Do you know," continued the king, "that I could take it without giving you a penny?"

"Yes," rejoined the miller calmly, "if it were not for the chamber of justice at Berlin."

The king was so flattered by this answer, which showed that he was incapable of an act of fraud and dishonesty, that he desisted from further entreaty and changed the plan of his garden.—Wide Awake.

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THE STEAM SIREN,

And Other Remarkable Inventions of Famous Men.

Abraham Lincoln's Device—Why Franklin's Inventions Were Not Patented—Mark Twain's Scrap-book.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

WASHINGTON, March 27.

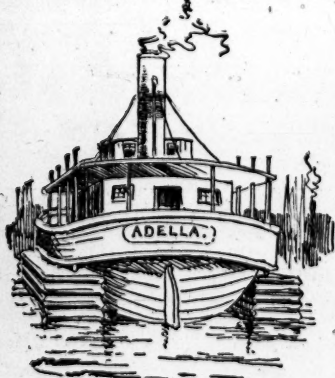
HERE are only a very few American inventors who have gained celebrity otherwise than by their inventions. The famous statesmen, scientists and authors in this country who have developed a genius for mechanical construction can almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. One may search the Patent Office at Washington, where thousands on thousands of models are stored, without finding more than two or three that were produced by persons who have attained distinction in other ways.

LINCOLN'S INVENTION.

One remarkable exception to this rule is Abraham Lincoln's device for lifting steamboats off shoals when they get aground. It consists of huge attachments resembling accordions on an immense scale, made of wood and canvas, which are fastened beneath the sides of the craft. When the boat gets stuck on a shoal, poles thrust through the deck from above, cause the great bags to fill themselves with air, at the same time raising the boat, which is thus rendered light enough to float off. This is a very ingenious plan, the only point against it being that it does not work any better than the attempt of a man to lift himself by his boot straps.

THE FIRST ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MOTOR.
Another model, though itself of no practical utility, represents the first electro-magnetic motor known to the world, patented in 1831. By an arrangement depending upon alternate magnetic attraction and repulsion, a sort of walking-beam is made to go up and down. This piece of mechanism was devised by Prof. Henry, first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He produced many other inventions, his scientific mind being throughout his life devoted to the achievement of discoveries calculated to benefit the human race. For years he made experiments for the purpose of finding out how to conduct the electric current through a length of wire. At that time it was supposed that the ease with which this could be accomplished must be in direct ratio to the size of the electro-magnet employed. He constructed a magnet that weighed a ton, but it did not work satisfactorily. At length he found out that by multiplying the coils on the magnet, using finer wire, and by multiplying the cells of his battery without increasing their aggregate bulk, he could solve the problem of overcoming the resistance offered to a current by a long wire. This discovery made the electric telegraph possible.

On this account Prof. Henry has been called the father of the electric telegraph. Nevertheless, he cannot be said



Lincoln's device for raising boats.

to wholly deserve that title. Great inventions are always a growth, arriving at their development through the brains of many inventors. The eye-pointed needle, which was the most essential feature of Howe's sewing machine, had been used in France as an embroidery needle for a century before his time.

THE STEAM SIREN.

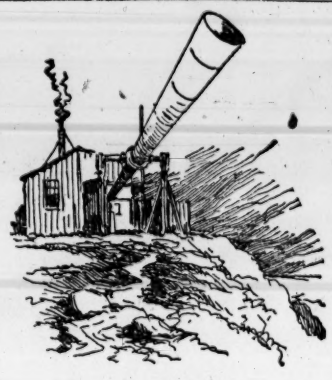
The invention of that diabolical contrivance, the steam siren, is commonly attributed to Prof. Henry. In fact, however, he merely adopted the idea from a French device for recording the vibrations of musical notes, and applied it in shape for use as a fog signal. Of all the instruments for making loud noises ever constructed this one is by far the most infernal. Under favorable conditions it can be heard forty miles at sea. Recently it has come into use to some extent in cities as a substitute for the factory whistle, and at 12 and 6 o'clock daily peaceful neighborhoods are disturbed by its frightful bellowing. The sounds are produced by projecting a jet of steam through a tube which is partly constructed by a revolving toothed wheel. The faster the wheel goes round the higher is the pitch of the shriek uttered by the machine, so that it goes up and up note after note until the listener feels as if a foot or two higher would render him a raving lunatic. Incidentally to studying the operation of this kind of fog signal, Prof. Henry discovered the cause of certain odd acoustic freaks which had been a puzzle to navigators. It had often been found that such a signal, though clearly audible twenty miles from land, could not be heard at all ten miles off shore. This, as he learned, was due to a refraction of the sound waves occasioned by wind. He also ascertained that the blowing of the fog signal, thus rendered inaudible on the deck of a vessel at sea, could often be heard loudly by ascending to the mainmast—a valuable suggestion for sailors.

LIGHTHOUSE ILLUMINATION.

When Prof. Henry became chairman of the lighthouse board, sperm whale oil was used in all the lighthouses, having been found to be the best of all illuminants then available. It became very expensive, and, inasmuch as the consumption of it for this purpose amounted to hundreds of thousands of gallons annually, the item was a large one. At the same time, it was held that nothing but the best thing could be considered good enough where the safety of seafaring people was concerned. Petroleum was out of the question, on account of the danger of using it. Accordingly, Prof. Henry experimented with lard oil, which he found inferior in every respect. It was not sufficiently fluid, its combustion was imperfect and it did not climb a wick well. But finally he discovered that, when heated to a fairly high temperature, it lost all of these disadvantages and became even better

than sperm oil. This idea was applied simply by arranging the oil-reservoir of the lamp so that it would be constantly subjected to heat. It was necessary to reconstruct all the lighthouse lamps in the service, but in this way a saving was made of \$100,000 per annum. In after years processes were devised for refining petroleum in such a manner as to render it perfectly safe, and that mineral oil is used in all of the lighthouses now.

FRANKLIN'S ELECTRIC "BATTERY."
Benjamin Franklin died at just about the time when the patent system in this country was first started. No models of his inventions, therefore, are to be found in the Patent Office. In his day electricity was newly attracting public attention as a mysterious novelty. Accidental discovery was made in 1746 of the possibility of accumulating large quantities of the slippery fluid in a jar. People traveled around with such jars and generators of simple pattern, astonishing customers by giving them shocks. This was all that was known about electricity, except that the rubbing of certain substances together produced it. Franklin amused himself and



Prof. Henry's steam siren.

his friends by experiments with the new element. Incidentally it occurred to him to connect a number of the jars together so as to give a more powerful shock, the whole accumulation being discharged at once. Thus was produced the first electric "battery," as he called it.

It had already been suggested that lightning and thunder might be merely electrical phenomena. Franklin converted this guess into a scientific fact. He said it was not surprising that thunder should be so loud, for, if two electrified gun barrels would strike a spark at a distance of two inches and make a loud report, at how great a distance could 10,000 acres of electrified clouds strike and give fire, and how loud must be that crack!

THE INVENTOR OF LIGHTNING RODS.
One day he chanced to see a kite which a boy was flying, and it suddenly occurred to him that here was an easy way of reaching the clouds. Having made a kite for himself by stretching a large silk handkerchief over three sticks, he took a walk in the fields near Philadelphia on an afternoon when he saw a thunderstorm approaching. This was in June, 1752. The kite being raised in the air, he fastened a key to the lower end of the string, then insulated the key by attaching it to a wooden post with silk. Presently a thunder cloud passed over, and he saw some loose threads of the hempen string rise erect as if electrified. He touched his knuckle to the key, and, to his great delight, drew from it the well-known electric spark. So overcome was he at this tremendous discovery, which was destined to immortalize his name, that he nearly fainted. As the rain increased, moisture made the string a better conductor, and the key gave out electricity copiously. Had the cord been thoroughly wet, the daring inventor might have paid for his temerity with his life. It should be realized that he was knowingly taking chances with death in thus tapping the clouds of their fire. Afterward he brought lightning into his house by means of insulated iron rods and played with it. The lightning rods so largely used today for protecting buildings were his invention.

MARK TWAIN'S PATENT.

Thomas Paine, the genius and philanthropist, himself a contemporary of Franklin, is numbered among American inventors. He devised a new method of constructing bridges. Senator John Ruggles of Maine, who accomplished the reorganization of the United States patent system in 1836, patented in the same year a locomotive for inclined planes. Mark Twain is the only literary man of reputation represented at the patent office. His patent scrap-book is one of the things which visitors most often ask to see. It is just like an ordinary scrap-book, except that the pages are spread with dry muckilage, like postage stamps, so that they have only to be moistened when scraps are to be stuck upon them. This is very convenient for persons who have no bottle of muckilage handy.

RENE BACHE.

Hot Water For Hemorrhage.

It has been the practice among dentists for many years to stop hemorrhage after tooth extraction by the direct application of cold water to the wound. Practitioners started with the idea that heat caused expansion of and induced increased bleeding from the vessels; but, on the other hand, that cold caused contraction. An advanced advocate of the modern school of dentistry now recommends strongly the use of hot water for arresting bleeding.

Dr. Scheff of Vienna adduces three cases in his own experience in which the superiority of this method was demonstrated. He allowed one patient to take a large quantity of cold water, and yet there was no apparent diminution in the bleeding. He then took a glass syringe and continuously applied hot water, in drops, to the wound, from which the blood previously trickled without cessation. After a few seconds the bleeding became less, a coagulum was formed, and the flow of blood finally ceased.

In the second case, Dr. Scheff used hot water at once, and the flow was instantly arrested. In the third case the wound had been bleeding freely for a long time, and when hot water was applied in vain, the hemorrhage was immediately stopped and did not recur.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The One With Blue Eyes.

A little Harlem boy who has an old maid aunt who is very fond of cats has been in the habit of officiating as executioner whenever the kittens multiplied around at his auntie's to a degree that even that venerable feline cat fancier could not support. As a natural result he became very expert at putting kittens in a bag, together with a big paving stone, and consigning the whole lot to the tender mercies of the Harlem river.

As it happened only the other day, the little Harlem boy's mother presented her husband with a couple of daughters in the shape of a splendid pair of twins.

As a great favor Johnny was allowed to go into the room to see his newly arrived sisters.

He gazed upon them with a languid interest for a few moments, and then looking up at his father said suddenly, "Say, pop, let's keep the one with the blue eyes."

It was kept.—New York Herald.

WHAT ARE NECESSITIES

"The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more."---POPE.

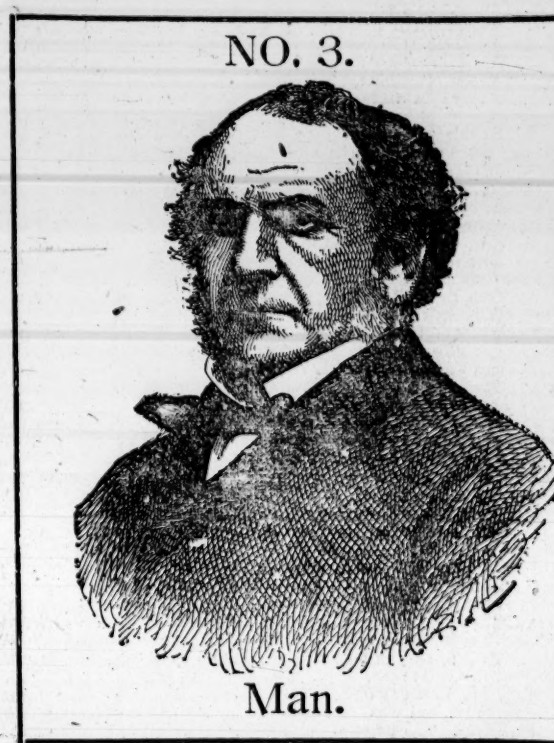


"I've got everything I 'need.' I just had my breakfast."



Missing Link.

"My idea of 'necessity' is to have plenty to eat and a change of clothes.
"When I went to school I learned readin', ritten and rethmetic, and that's all I 'need.'
My 'pinion is that edgercation is no good only for preachers an' lawyers.
"People like me don't want no edgercation; we're all right, anyhow. I guess they's only a few of us left, fer nowadays laborin' people and all think they will be more successful and happier if they learn a little every day.
"They say that ignorant people won't stand any show at all in soci'ty in a few years from now. "I wonder if that will be the case!"



Man.

In one of the ablest speeches ever delivered by the "Grand Old Man," he showed conclusively that education is not a luxury, but a prime necessity to the laboring man of today.

He says: "You want amusement, but that does not exclude improvement. Do you suppose when you see men engaged in study that they dislike it? No. There is labor, no doubt, but it is so associated with interest all along that it is forgotten in the delight which it carries in its performance, and no people know that better than the working classes."

If you let your children follow out their own impulse they will ask questions, and if you provide the means of answering you will encourage them and cause delight and pleasure in research. Soon they will have a natural habit of learning a little each day, and learning will then be recreation to them. So that all they require is an Encyclopedia in the home to secure the most practical education.

Gladstone says further that it is now possible to go straight into the very heart, the very sanctuary, of the temple of learning, and become acquainted with the best works that men have produced.

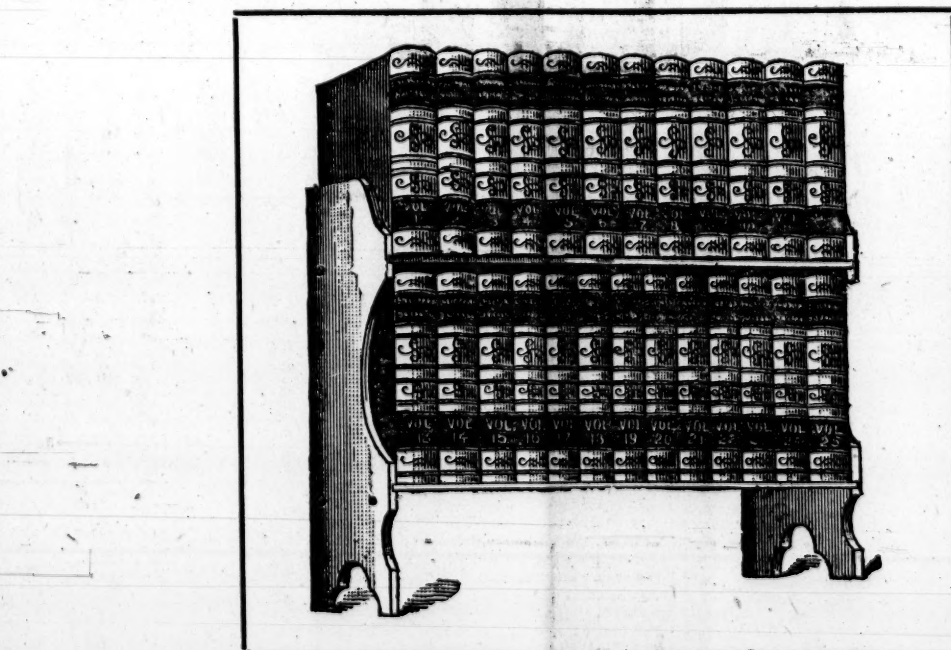
"It is not supposed that workmen, on coming home from labor, are to study Euclid and works of that character—and it is not to be desired, except in case of very special gifts—but what is to be desired is that some effort should be made by men of all classes, and perhaps by none more than by the laboring class, to lift themselves above the level of what is purely frivolous, and to endeavor to find our amusement in making ourselves acquainted with things of real interest and beauty."

All the recorded wisdom of all great writers, past and present, is contained in the Encyclopedia Britannica; so that every shade of taste can find its liking, whether it be such subjects as Euclid or the commonest topics of everyday life—whether to learn how to measure the distance to Mars, or how to tie a square knot in a rope.

What a blessing that in this one library the laboring man can command the wisdom of the world.

In his speech on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes at the Nonconformist School at Mill Hill, he compared the advantages of today with the advantages of the ancients: "All they have achieved is before you. Their great experiences are at your service and command.
"You have this enormous advantage under the peculiar condition of this age."

Again he says: "Believe me when I tell you that the thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral nature beneath your darkest reckonings. Get knowledge, all you can."



Extravagant luxury for one may be an absolute necessity for another. It depends on what you aim at.

What would an ape care about opportunities to improve his mind?

The word MAN means to THINK, which is the opposite from BEAST.

We must call him the "missing link." If you are man you think. If you think you are constantly coming in contact with questions. If you supply yourself with the correct answers to these questions you become a success in life, and you honor yourself and your family. This is true, no matter what your calling.

If you answer your questions you must do it right when the question comes up so it will be a pleasure, and you cannot forget it. This is true education. If you answer your questions when they come up and answer them correctly you must have the best Encyclopedia in print right in your home.

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